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THE BANNER OF THE SEA.

BY D. BRAINERD WILLIAMSON.

Of all the flags that float aloft
O'er Neptune's gallant tars,—
That wave on high in victory,
Above the sons of Mars—
Give us the flag—Columbia's Flag!
The emblem of the free—
Whose flashing stars blazed through our wars
For Truth and Liberty!

CHORUS.

Then dip it, lads, in ocean's brine,
And give it three times three!
And fling it out 'mid song and shout,
The Banner of the Sea!

Beneath its folds we fear no foe,
Our hearts shall never quail;
With bosoms bare, the storm we'll dare,
And brave the battle gale;
And though the cannon plough our decks,
The planks with gore run red,
Still through the fray, our flag alway
Shall gleam far overhead.

CHORUS.—Then dip it, lads, &c.

On every wave—to ev'ry shore—
Columbia's Flag shall go,
And through all time, its fame sublime,
With brighter hues shall glow;
For Freedom's standard is our flag—
Its guardians, Freedom's sons,
And woe betide the insulter's pride,
When we unloose our guns.

CHORUS.—Then dip it, lads, &c.

Its enemies our own shall be
Upon the land or main;
Its starry light shall gild the fight,
And guide our iron rain,
Nor foreign power, nor treason's arts
Shall shake our patriot love;
While with our life, in peace or strife,
We'll keep the flag above.

(Easton Express.)

THE SECRET AGENT;

OR,

The Struggle for Liberty.

Philadelphia in 1776.

BY CHARLES MORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "PLIGHTED IN PERIL," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

AN EXCITED POPULACE.

It was the 8th of July, 1776. In what is now known as Independence Square, at Philadelphia, then known by the less dignified title of the State House yard, an immense audience was assembled.

Four days before, on July 4th, the immortal Declaration of Independence had been formally accepted by the Continental Congress, and on this day it was to be first read to the American people.

Not from the State House steps, as generally supposed, and not by a high dignitary of Congress, was it read.

The place of reading was the platform of "the observatory," previously erected by Rittenhouse to observe the transit of Venus. It was about twenty-feet high, and erected some sixty feet south of the house, and twenty feet west of the main walk. The gentleman whose honored task it was to read the grand Declaration, was Captain Hopkins of the Navy.

His audience embraced nearly the whole population of Philadelphia and of the surrounding county, who had been gathered together by tidings of the noble work that day to be made public to the world.

Intense enthusiasm pervaded the masses as the sentences of that proud claim to liberty fell one by one from the lips of the reader, and as he reached the last words, in which the signers pledge "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor, such a shout went up to the heavens as has never been equalled in that locality, save when, at midnight of January 1st, 1876, the broad folds of the old flag waved in the breeze over the assembled thousands in the streets below.

The same old flag, in which the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew replaced our galaxy of stars, waved then over the enthusiastic people. The old bell, in quick, glad accents, "proclaimed liberty throughout the land, and to all the inhabitants thereof," while shouts, hurrahs, and cries of joyous excitement and of hatred to tyranny, filled the air with turmoil.

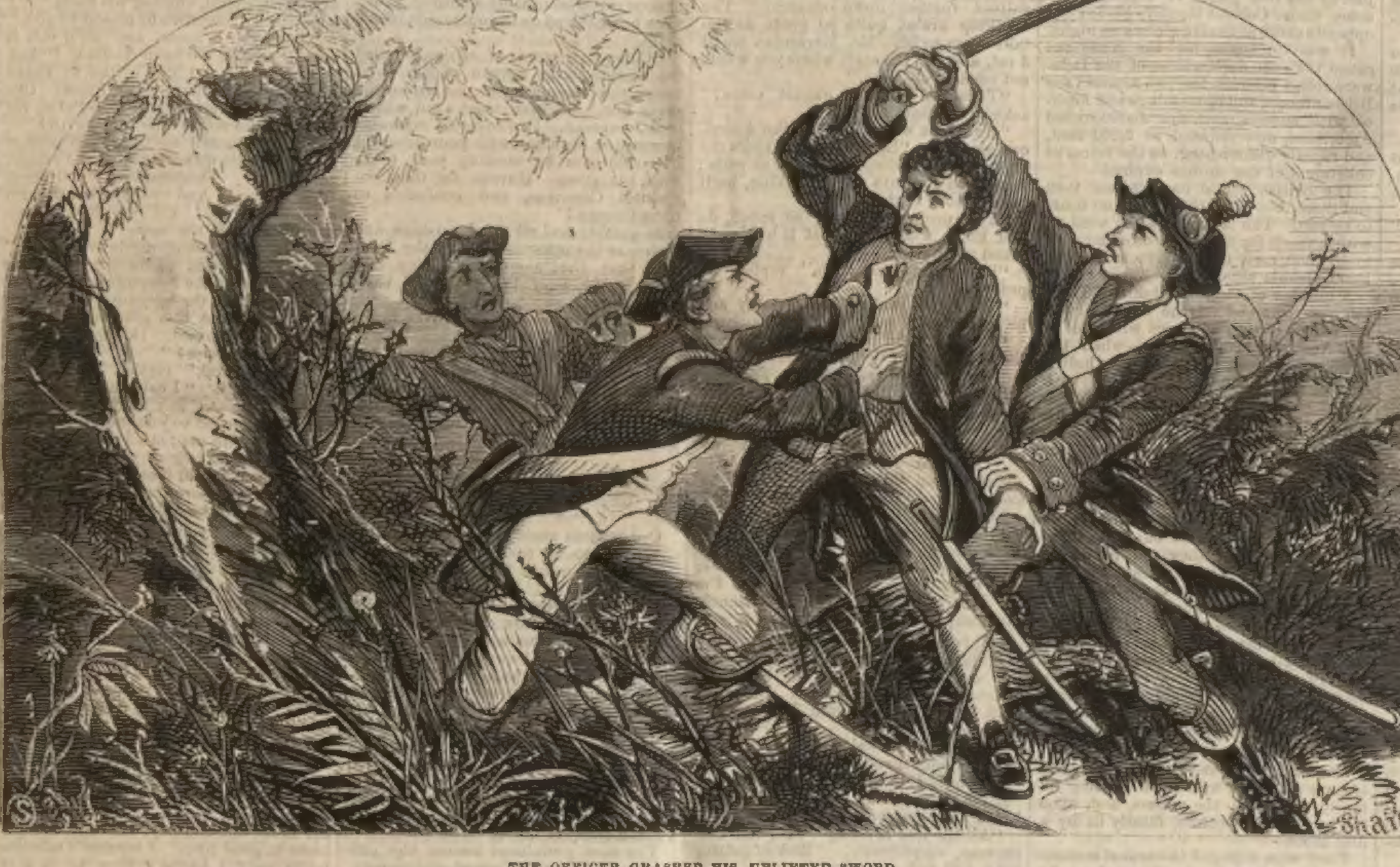
"Into the Hall! Tear out the emblems of royalty!" came in thunder tones from a member of the assembly.

With a fierce surge, the people rushed by hundreds into the halls of Congress. These rooms yet bore the insignia of England and her monarch, but busy hands soon robbed them of banners, charters, seals, swords, everything that bore the emblem of royalty. In five minutes, the halls were stripped bare of their hated decorations, and with laden arms, the excited mass rushed to a bonfire which had been kindled without, flinging into its hottest blaze these insignia, which a year before it would have been treason to disturb.

As the flames soared higher and higher, eagerly licking up their costly food, and roaring with glee as their red tongues darted out towards the people, the latter danced and shouted about the fire they had kindled—a fire which would not be extinguished in the land until the independence that day proclaimed was fully achieved, or trodden under foot by the armies of the contemned King.

Yet it must not be imagined that the feeling was unanimous in favor of the newly proclaimed separation from the mother country. Many friends of the old government mingled with the mass looking with closed lips, but sad hearts, at what they deemed the desecration of precious things.

Some of the more excitable were unable to repress the hot feelings which burned within them. One of these, a strong built, handsome old man, in whose hair the white was thickly mingled with the brown, had stood long with flashing eyes and compressed lips, on the outer edge of the mob.



THE OFFICER GRASPED HIS UPLIFTED SWORD.

But when he saw the emblems of royalty, sacred in his eyes, cast with loud jest and fierce shout into the devouring flames, he could keep his wise silence no longer.

"Oh! that my eyes should ever have looked upon this desecration," he said, in bitter tones. "A day of retribution will come for this—of terrible retribution—when the armies of the King march in triumph into your crouching city."

"Let them come! And the sooner the better!" cried a stalwart fellow who stood within hearing, and who wore the leather apron of a blacksmith." "That for your King and his armies!" and he snapped his fingers in disdain.

"I don't want to brag," said a puny, large-nosed individual, brandishing a tailor's shears in his hand, "but I think I'd engage to eat up three of his soldiers, red coats and all."

A laugh at the valor of the tailor put the crowd into momentary good humor.

"With all your boasting, you have not ventured yet to give up the red cross of old England," said the old man, pointing to the flag above them. "I wonder you do not, for pure shame, desist from your insults under that old flag."

"Do you see the thirteen stripes!" said the blacksmith. "Those are the thirteen free and independent colonies that laugh at the power of England, and that are going to show George the Third what freemen can do."

"Yes, you can bluster," said the old man, with disdain. "But you will find that you had better have kept to your hammer and anvil. Hot words won't blow back the armies of England."

"Look here, old man, there's been about enough of this sort of thing," said the blacksmith fiercely. "If you know when you're well off you'd best cool your tongue. This Revolution ain't to be dammed up with words, no more than the Delaware."

"I will not see my King insulted with impunity anywhere, nor by any men," was the hot reply. "If you choose to all turn traitors, I will not be hindered from calling things by their right names."

"Traitors to what," said a well-dressed merchant, stepping hastily up. "To an island across the sea whose proud Parliament sends over laws for us to obey, without giving us a word in their making; sends over taxes for us to pay, without giving us the right of protest? Slaves can't be traitors to their masters. We are citizens of God's world as well as they, and have the right to say that we will not be slaves."

"And the man that says nay to that is a traitor to this free and glorious nation, and deserves to be treated to a traitor's rope," cried the puny tailor.

"I say nay to it!" replied the hot-blooded old man. "I will say nay to it to my dying day."

"You'd best take a friend's advice and bridle your tongue," said another man, looking sternly in the old man's face.

"That is my counsel to you, Roger Lawson!" said the merchant. "You are playing with edge tools. Our people are too excited to listen calmly to insult."

"Insult!" cried Roger, bitterly, as half a dozen men passed, bearing a great silken banner, which they had just torn from the Senate chamber. "Talk not of insult in the presence of such desecration!" Insult! and they are about to burn the royal standard of Great Britain!"

In his excitement he grasped the silken folds of the flag, bringing its bearers to a halt.

"Let go, or by all that's good I will cut you down!" cried the one who bore a naked sword, raising his weapon in a menacing manner.

"Who is this old Tory?" cried another, loosing the flag and grasping old Roger by the shoulder.

"It is Lawson, the farmer, who is said to have sent word of our doings to the British at Boston," said a third.

"A spy!" yelled the blacksmith. "The tree, and the rope for the spy! Away with him! It's boy's play to burn wood and silk. Let's hang the old Tory, and then his master can come and help him as fast as he wants."

"You're right," cried the tailor, leaping up in his excitement. "He is a traitor and a spy! To the tree with him. We will give King George a lesson."

A half dozen hands firmly grasped the old man, and were dragging him away.

"Come, my friends, this won't do!" said the merchant, stepping forward. "You cannot expect the old man in a day to throw off his allegiance to the flag he was born under. Let him go to his home. I engage he will soon become as good a patriot as we are."

"You are promising too much, Mr. Murray," said the blacksmith. "Every tub has got to stand on its own bottom in these times."

"This way with him!" said the man with the sword, as the men dragged along their captive. "I will find you rope enough to hang the old traitor and spy."

"You are a liar and a villain!" cried old Roger hotly. "I defy any of you to prove his words!"

"You've got the spirit for it, anyhow," said another. "Down with all traitors, I say."

"Treat him to some hemp!" cried the valiant tailor. "Let's hang every Tory in the county but what we weed it out."

"Leave no traitors behind our armies; that's my motto," said one of the old man's captors. "Along with him, boys! We'll do better than build bonfires."

There were four men who held the unwilling captive dragging him rapidly along the street. Eight or ten others followed them, keeping up their passion by cries of "hang him! To the tree with him! Don't let the old spy escape!

The remainder of the crowd were too much occupied with what was going on around the State House to attend to this diversion.

Mr. Murray, the merchant, followed, protesting in a half-hearted way against this violence.

But the mob was in no mood to heed these protestations, or the lowering faces of two other men who had joined the merchant.

They were now near the corner of Fifth and High streets. A large trunked tree here threw a low branch across the street.

In less time than it takes to write it a rope had been thrown over this branch, and the merciless captors of the silent prisoner were adjusting the deadly noose about his neck.

"Up with him! Pass the rope out here! We all want a hand to swing up the old spy?"

The old man was brave as steel. Though his face had blanched and his lips trembled, not a cry, nor an appeal for mercy came from him.

The rope was already in the hands of the excited executioners. A moment more and the aged prisoner would be swung above the earth. At this critical moment a quick, decided step approached them; a resolute voice cried out:

"What does this mean? What are you about to do?"

"To hang a traitor," growled the blacksmith in reply.

"What? That white-haired man? Shame on you for cowards!" came from the lips of a well-built young man, as he rushed into the midst of the mob, flinging them aside as if they were men of straw.

In an instant the rope was flung from loose from the neck of the victim.

"Knock the fool down!" yelled the blacksmith, advancing with clenched fist.

But he reckoned without his host: a quick sharp blow, and he himself lay prostrate.

"Out of my way?" cried the stern-voiced rescuer. Are there no men here to stop this murder? If there is a man let him join me!"

Mr. Murray and the two men beside him pushed through the shrinking mob.

"This way now, sir," cried the young man, knocking prostrate another who ventured to oppose him. "They are only a pack of cowards. They are only a pack of cowards. This way, and it will be bad for the man that touches you."

Pushing to right and left; striking where it became necessary, the five men pressed forward, the mob being too much taken by surprise to oppose any decided force to this unlooked-for change.

In a moment the rescuers were outside the crowd. Closing around the old man, they moved resolutely up the street, leaving the would-be hangmen standing undecided, and not overly-anxious to test the weight of that heavy fist which had already levelled two of their number.

CHAPTER II.

AN EVENING INTRODUCTION.

Near the Schuylkill river, at a point a few miles north of the present location of the Fairmount Water Works, stood, at the period of our story, a substantial country house.

The swollen city has now reached and is absorbing the surrounding farm, then miles from its built-up portion, and without premonition of the fate that was to come upon its quiet countrified ways within the boundaries of a century.

The house was one of those solid, dark brick edifices of Revolutionary times, of which a few yet remain scattered at random through the city. It was a rambling, two-storied structure, with wide porches, and deep shadows under its surrounding trees.

At some distance stood the numerous outhouses pertaining to a large farm. Fields yellow with the wheat that was now "ripe unto the harvest," spread eastwardly from the house.

In front of the mansion, which faced westward, was a small summer house, standing on a slight elevation, which gave an open view of the Schuylkill, gliding so softly downward, and of the beauty of the sunset skies, at that hour aflame with color.

Two ladies were seated within the rose-embowered summer-house, and seemed to have sunk into silence with their eyes fixed on the splendor of the sunset skies, and on the charm of the low-rolling river between.

They were obviously mother and daughter; the former a handsome, middle-aged matron, her once slender form inclining somewhat to corpulence; the latter, maiden of sweet eighteen, with all the once willowy slenderness of her mother, and with the sparkling eyes, red lips, and white cheeks which time had tempered and tanned in the former.

She was an acknowledged beauty; not so much of feature as of the arch expression that played over her face, and of the rich drooping fold of her brown hair and the warm light that lay in her brown eyes.

With a slight sigh she turned from her meditative glance westward, and looked earnestly down the road, that ran upward from the city along the ridge on which the mansion was built.

"No signs of him yet," she said with an impatient shrug. "He promised to be home to supper, and it will be cold porridge he gets to-night."

"And no tea to wash it down," said the mother laughing. "That is the worst feature of this war, that your enthusiastic friends tumbled all the tea overboard; and now we have to drink plain water, or boiled mulberry leaves."

"I wish you had your tea, mother; but I would have liked to form one of the noble party that made a tea-pot of Boston harbor."

There was a flush of enthusiasm in the girl's face that showed plainly to which side of the contest her sympathies turned.

"You are an obstinate little rebel," said the mother, shaking her finger reprovingly.

"And you are as true a one, in your heart," said the girl, with an arch look in her face.

"I don't know," was the reply. "I am too old and this trouble too young for me to form opinions hastily. For the present I will wait and drift, and see into what harbor I come."

"You are not too old to love liberty and to hate tyranny!" said the girl in quick tones. "I believe I was born a rebel, mother. I wish you and papa were with me."

"I am not very set in my notions," said the mother, with a warm smile on her full face. "I think, though, that you will not easily convert your father from his faith in King George."

"Why don't he come?" said the girl, looking anxiously down the road. "There is an exciting time in the city to day. I hope he has not got into any trouble."

"He is often late," said the mother. "It will be no new thing for him to eat a cold supper. Don't fear but he will come home safe and hungry."

"He is so hasty and so fearless," said the girl reflectively. "He may have said or done something." She interrupted herself with a glad cry of: "There comes our old gray now! He is safe; and I am worrying myself for nothing."

A slight cloud of dust in the distance showed the figure of a grey horse and the dim outlines of a wagon in their white setting. It was driven rapidly and soon came near the house.

Two men occupied the seat, a white-haired man, and a young one who held the reins.

The warm lighting up of the young lady's face, and the look of eager pleasure that came into her eyes, showed that she was not mistaken in announcing the coming of her father, and that he occupied the chief place in her heart.

"But who can it be with him?" she said in surprise. "And he has the reins too. That is strange. I never knew father to let anybody drive him before. I fear there is something wrong.

"Why, child, you are determined to imagine some disaster to-day," said her mother. "One would think your father could be tied fast to my apron string. It is no new thing for him to stay late in the city."

"But who is it with him?"

"Some of the neighbors, I presume."

"No, he is a stranger," said the girl, decisively, "I can see his face quite plainly."

"You have a good eye for a handsome face," said the mother, laughing, as the wagon came nearer, and its occupants were more plainly defined. "That is a girl's sharp sightedness."

"I don't know that he is such a beauty," replied the young lady, turning away with her habitual shrug; "It is little I care for pretty men's faces."

"I said he was handsome. Nobody would think of calling him pretty."

The daughter's face was turned resolutely away as the wagon drove rattling up to the gate. She seemed a little piqued, as if she had been teased on the same subject before.

It was Mr. Lawson, the old gentleman who had been so roughly handled in the city, that carefully descended from the wagon and opened the wide gate. He was pale and seemed feeble.

"Why, Roger," cried his wife in some dismay, "you are as white as a ghost. What has happened?"

His daughter hastily turned and ran up to him, her cheek as pale as his own.

"O Papa! I knew that you were in some trouble. Are you hurt? What is it, papa?"

Her arms were round his neck, her warm breath in his face.

"Oh, nothing, Madge," said the father, with a half laugh. "You are as nervous as a child. You will frighten your mother by going on in this way."

"You have frightened me now," said Mrs. Lawson. "Have you fallen? There has been some accident."

"No, no! Why you two women will be putting me in bed next, and making me believe myself sick. I am a little tired, that is all."

The young man had driven on towards the stable. He now returned, having left the horse in the hands of a servant.

"But you are weak and pale. And here is a red bruise on your neck," persisted Madge. "O, sir," she said, turning to the young man. "Do let me know what is wrong. Papa is so non-committal."

"But I should hear his story first," said the young man, in a pleasant voice. "I will have to see that my evidence agrees with his.

"Say nothing, and you will agree with

him," said Mrs. Lawson, with her full smile. "He tells us nothing but the good, keeps the evil to himself."

"Then I had best follow a very good example," said the visitor, "particularly as there is nothing to be alarmed at."

Madge Lawson had dropped out of the conversation upon hearing his voice. She had turned with a quick, bird-like motion, and glanced hastily at him.

It was the first look she had really taken at the new comer, and was one of those comprehensive glances in which a young lady can take in so much in so short a space of time.

She moved aside, and stood in a slightly defiant attitude. She did not seem to care for a second look at the stranger. Perhaps one cause of this was that he did not take the trouble to look at her.

She was mistaken; the sharp, grey eyes of the visitor had not failed to read her expressive face, and to light up with admiration at the simple grace of her attitude. He was now, however, politely attentive to the questions of her mother.

He was of medium height, not large, yet broad-shouldered, and with a show of muscular development. His smooth face and generally youthful appearance seemed to belong to a man of twenty-two or three, though there was a look of gravity about the mouth that gave token of greater age.

Mrs. Lawson was right in calling him handsome. His features were of the Grecian stamp, and strikingly regular; his complexion pure, though embrowned by exposure.

There was a flexibility about the thin lips that showed itself in quick changes of expression. About his grey eyes were lines significant of humor; but in their depths lay a look of latent force that needed but the occasion to make it the o'ermastering element of his nature.

He was plainly dressed, in dark, homespun breeches, and a rough coat with great cuffs at the wrists. He wore a low, cocked hat, after the fashion of the day. Thick woolen stockings and coarse strong shoes, completed his attire, which was that of an ordinary citizen in those revolutionary days.

But there was that in his attitude and the free grace of his movements which were at variance with his coarse attire, and seemed to betoken one accustomed to polished society.

"There has been a grand jollification of your homespun patriots in town to-day," said Mr. Lawson, with a slight sneer. "I held back to look on awhile at their cheap rebellion."

"Cheap," said his daughter.

"Yes." It costs nothing to shout over a bon-fire. Their courage will vanish into thin air if a red-coated soldier shows himself."

"It would not if I was one of them," said Madge, hotly.

"I wish you had been there to see them. You have grown up under the government of the King. I doubt if you would have fancied the treason and sacrilege of to-day's work. There is one thing sure—our valiant Congress has put a rope round its neck which will strangle it yet."

"Why what has happened, Roger?" asked his wife, curiously.

"Oh, a rebels' jubilee, that is all. It is not worth going over. By the way, I have not introduced my young friend. These ladies are my wife and daughter, Mr. —. Excuse me for not remembering your name."

"Allen Brooks," the young man quietly replied.

"Just so. It is stupid in me to forget it."

Madge turned away with a gesture of annoyance.

"Mr. Brooks," she said, addressing the visitor with a winning smile, "will you gratify a woman's curiosity by telling me what has been going on in the city to-day?"

"There have been more sins committed than will be readily forgiven," he replied. "I should fancy that as warm a rebel as you would have some idea of what has set all Philadelphia on fire."

"Yes, yes, I know. But did it come off as expected? Are the Colonies declared independent?"

"Free and independent States," he replied, gravely. "And their flag floats over the State House; and the King's arms have been torn down and converted into ashes. You might have heard even here the leather-aproned patriots shouting when the old banner of England went up in the flames."

"Has papa converted you into an adherent of King George?" she asked, in a nettled tone. "You do not look like a born one."

"No conversion was needed, Miss Lawson," he quietly replied, a faint smile playing upon his face.

"I shall have to turn Tory to, to keep you all company," she quickly answered. "You will tell me this much at least. Papa has been indiscreet to-day. He has been hurt. I shall never learn the truth from him, and I shall be nervous till I do learn it."

"You will be curious, you mean, Madge," said Mr. Lawson, patting her head fondly. "I did talk too much, and got into a quarrel with the rascals. They did not hurt me much though. Mr. Brooks here stepped in, and they stopped out. It was the best fun I have seen for a year, when the hounds turned trail. There is no harm done, so don't be troubling us with any more questions."

"I can thank you, at least," said Madge, offering her hand, with a gesture of frank gratitude to their visitor. "I shall not readily forget the service you have done us."

"And I hope you may always be at hand to help Mr. Lawson in his indiscretions," said Mrs. Lawson, with a touch of humor.

"He will not be indiscreet again, I am sure, if he remembers the anxious hearts at home," said Mr. Brooks, as he pressed the offered hand, and looked deeply into the soft brown eyes.

Not much solicitation was needed to induce him to partake of supper in company with Mr. Lawson, or to spend an evening hour in their hospitable mansion.

CHAPTER III.

A JERSEY TRAITOR.

The remainder of the year 1776 was a period of almost constant disaster to the American cause, of such defeat by the enemy and defection in the ranks of the patriot army that any vigor of action by the enemy would inevitably have ended the war in the Middle States. Fortunately, the invading army was supine in its movements, and laid itself open to that brilliant reprisal by which Washington, before the close of the year, redeemed his losses, and won the admiration of all Europe by his skill and success.

That a handful of ragged militia should have defeated and driven back into narrow lines of defence a well-appointed army of British regulars, the troops of what was then the first military power of the Eastern Hemisphere, naturally excited wonder and admiration for the brilliant leader whose military genius alone seemed to have achieved this unlooked-for success.

But for month after month disaster clung to the skirts of the American cause, and all Washington's powers were needed to save his army from capture or utter dissolution.

The effort to prevent the foe from crossing Long Island ended in a defeat which would have been destruction but for a hasty flight, which the gloom of night and a favoring breeze alone rendered successful.

The English troops crossed over and occupied New York in defiance of Washington's army.

The engagements which followed were but other names for defeats, and the hasty evacuation of Fort Lee, and the capture of Fort Washington, with its entire garrison, completed an appalling series of disasters.

On November 22d Washington retreated to Newark, N. J., with an army reduced to 3,500 men. After tarrying here a week he received information that Lord Cornwallis was in pursuit of him, and retreated to New Brunswick—leaving Newark on the very morning the royal army entered it.

Cornwallis advanced by a forced march on December 1st, Washington retreating to Princeton, after breaking down the bridge over the Raritan.

His confidant lordship now sent word to General Howe that by a brisk advance he could entirely disperse Washington's army, and seize his baggage and artillery, before he could pass the Delaware.

It was December 6th, however, before the British moved, with Howe in command, marching to Princeton, which the Americans left the same day.

The next day the advance corps of the British army reached Trenton and halted on the banks of the Delaware, just as the rear guard of Washington's army, under Colonel Henley, gained the opposite shore at twelve o'clock at night.

It was fortunate for the American cause that the dark waters of the Delaware rolled between the two armies; the British forces, full in members and flushed with success, and the disheartened Americans, now reduced to 2,200 men, and rapidly diminishing, as the terms of enlistment of the militia expired.

The British would have crossed then and there, but that there were no boats to be had. The Americans had used all within reach for their own crossing, and took good care to keep them on the Pennsylvania side.

A number of the inhabitants of Trenton yet remained on the banks of the river—where they had been witnesses of the American embarcation—when the disappointed forces of the enemy halted on the same banks, and hailed with curses and other evidences of rage the visible flight of their foes.

These men were sharply interrogated in regard to the chances of obtaining boats, but answered that, so far as they know, not a boat had been left on the Jersey side of the stream.

The anger of the disappointed soldiers might have been vented on these innocent citizens, had they not prudently withdrawn—all, at least, except one, who kept himself a little in the background of the loud-talking troops.

This was a man dressed in the plain garb of a countryman. Little else could be told of his appearance in the faint light of the midnight sky, and the soldiers did not even honor his presence with their notice, though he stood listening with eager curiosity to all they had to say.

The men fell somewhat back as two officers advanced and stood looking intently out upon the waters, and upon the low banks opposite, faintly lit by a dim moon.

They were engaged in earnest conversation, and walked some distance up the stream, pointing to various localities on the banks, and seemingly discussing the chances of reaching the other side.

They paused, at length, upon a slight wharf, which had evidently been used by boatmen for the purpose of a landing place, and was supplied with several large posts for the fastening of their ropes.

Against one of these the officers leaned. In the shadow of another crouched a dark form, heedless of the chill of the night. They talked freely, and without suspicion of an auditor.

"I would give a month's pay if I could imagine some easy way of getting on the other side of the stream," said the latter of the two.

"I think it likely that we will find some way before morning," said the other. "Dick is as keen-eyed as a lynx. If there is the ghost of a boat he will raise it."

"I hope so. It would be a bold stroke to leave his lordship in the lurch. Our scouts say that there are not more than fifty at most in the rebel detachment guarding the boats. If we could land as many they would run like sheep, and we could have half our troops over by the time Cornwallis reaches the ferry."

"What are his lordship's plans, Colonel? I don't quite understand them."

"He is marching to Corriel's Ferry, which he expects to reach about daybreak. We have information that there is a small sloop about two miles below the ferry, by which he can set a detachment on the Pennsylvania shore. That done, they will make for the boats which are just now the apple of my eye."

"If Dick is successful—"

"Or if there was any way of getting possession of the sloop without exciting suspicion," interrupted the Colonel.

"That is out of the question."

"I fear so," was the doubtful reply of the Colonel.

They were interrupted by a low whistle, not far distant. The younger officer quickly turned and replied by a similar signal.

The next minute a man appeared approaching them, darkly outlined in the gloom.

"What luck?" was the quick question addressed to him.

"I have had the river shore scoured for a couple of miles each way," said the new-comer cautiously, as a squad of soldiers passed.

"Have you found anything? Come, Dick, you have not allowed any hollow timber to escape your sharp nose."

"Three miserable little boats that were hid under bushes in an inlet," growled Dick. "They were not worth hiding, for they will not carry more than thirty men."

"They must answer, if nothing better is forthcoming," said the Colonel decisively. "Have them brought up and fastened to this wharf."

"Will you cross in them?" asked the younger officer. "It is a risky business. The Americans may be ambushed yonder."

"I have reason to think not," replied the Colonel, "and I doubt if the boat guard is more than twenty men. The rest of the ragged army are making tracks from our dangerous neighborhood. If I had the sloop, now, it would be a different matter. But I suppose that must be left for his lordship."

"If you mean Cornwallis, I've a notion he'll not get much good of it," said a strange voice so near them that they started in surprise.

"Who is it speaks?" asked the Colonel, peering through the gloom. "Bring this gentleman up, Captain, I would like a closer look at him."

"It's a born native of New Jersey," said the man, walking boldly forward. "I was half snoozing, and half listening to you, over there. As I happen to know the Delaware like a book, I might be some use to you."

"You are a cool customer," said the Colonel severely.

"Yes, that's what my folks always says," replied the unabashed stranger.

"Let me have him, Colonel," said Dick, "I think I can cure him of pushing his nose into other folks business."

"Wait a minute, Dick," said the Captain. "See here, my friend, as long as you have made such free use of your ears, and seem anxious to make use of your tongue, I will give you a minute's leave to explain what you mean by saying that Cornwallis will not get much good of the sloop."

"Half a minute will be enough for that," said the man, drily. "He will find it like the Irishman's flea; when you put your hand on him he ain't there."

"What kind of an answer is this, sir?" demanded the Colonel, sternly.

"It means that the boat has been shifted further down stream. The Yankees are'nt quite so green as you take them to be. Mr. Mersereau smelt a rat, and put the craft where you would not smell it out easy."

"Then his lordship cannot cross?" asked the Captain.

"He might wade," replied the American gravely. "He'd find some spots ten or twelve feet deep and twice as wide; but if he's afraid of a ducking, he'll have to stay in the Jerseys."

"You profess to know so much, do you know where the boat is hidden?" asked the Colonel.

"Bet a coon-skin, I do," replied the provincial.

"Then you shall guide a party and bring it here," was the decided answer.

"Are your men good swimmers?" was the cool reply of the Jerseyman.

"Why did you ask that?"

"Cause a hundred yards, more or less, of cold water, mightn't be good for their digestion."

"Then you mean—?"

"That the Yanks ain't fools. The sloop's tother side the water. See here Colonel, you'd like bad to have it?"

"Certainly."

"Say how much you'd like it. I'm on the make. If your bid's worth the risk, the sloop's yourn. I can fetch her here by daylight easy as wink. But I'm an American. Can't sell my country too cheap."

"This is a very mercenary patriot," said the Captain, in a laughing tone, to his superior officer. "He loves his country next to his pocket. Bring the craft here, my friend, and I'm good for ten pounds."

"Too cheap by half. Make it twenty and I'm your man."

"Twenty it is then," said the Colonel "Land the boat at this wharf by daybreak and the money is yours."

"All the risk is mine," said the Jerseyman, suspiciously. "Risk of getting paid, and risk of getting shot."

"Have you a lantern there, Dick?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Give us a gleam of light then. I must write a money order on General Howe to suit this doubtful gentleman. I don't suppose he would take my note of hand," said the Captain.

"The higher the officer the safer the pay," said the provincial. "Guess I'll take the Gineral. While you're about it write another order to let me through the lines. I don't want to take an ounce of lead among my bones for ballast aboard the sloop."

"That's well thought of," said the colonel, as he proceeded to write a pass. "Our fellows would not stop long to bring you to a halt. This will take you through freely. Do you want any help?"

"No," replied the Jerseyman indifferently, as he carefully examined the two important papers given him.

With a smirk of satisfaction, he proceeded to deposit the money order carefully within the lining of his cap. The pass was carelessly pushed into his vest pocket.

The officer took the opportunity to examine their new ally, by the light of the lantern.

He was a coarsely-attired countryman with a freckled face and thin sandy whiskers. But about his mouth and eyes was a look of shrewdness, and a mercenary gloating over the money order, that assured them both of his ability to keep his promise, and of the probability of his doing so.

"That's all right, Colonel," said the fellow, as he slowly buttoned his coat. "You can build high on seeing the boat off this wharf before the sun gets his nose far out of the sand hills."

"Don't fail, and I will add an extra five to your pay," said the Colonel. "You had better see him through the lines, Dick! Some of our sentinels might shoot first and look at the pass afterward. Then you can moor your boats to this wharf."

Dick and his companion started off at a brisk pace, speedily disappearing in the gloom. The officers were not long in following their example, seeking their quarters with the hope of catching a few hours' sleep.

And that night, so momentous in its possible consequences, passed darkly on.

* * * * * *

It was daybreak of a crisp December morning when the two officers again appeared on the dilapidated wharf which had been the scene of the above conversation.

The beams of the rising sun had given a new aspect to the scene. Opposite lay the wooded shores of the Delaware, to all appearance deserted. Between rolled the waters, not yet touched by the sunlight. At the end of the wharf rode the three fishing skiffs which Dick had captured, tugging at their slight ropes as they swung out into the stream.

But the sight most pleasing of all to their eyes was visible at no great distance up the river.

A small sloop was shooting swiftly down the channel before a strong wind, her broad sail extended at right angles to her hull.

The Jerseyman had kept his word! He had proved a traitor to his country for the paltry bribe of twenty-five pounds.

The shore was covered with soldiers as the sloop drew near, headed in towards the wharf. But two men were visible on her deck, one at the helm and one having charge of the sail.

"I confess I had serious doubts of him," said the Colonel. "But he has kept his word. I will pay my share of the bribe cheerfully, for it is the best investment I ever made."

"There he comes!" cried the Captain, as the sloop shot rapidly nearer with the sandy-whiskered Jerseyman waving his cap to the officers.

"Did you ever know a sandy-hiller to break his word?" cried the helmsman as he came within easy hail.

"Look out!" cried the Captain, "you will be afoul of the boats. Lay her in to the wharf."

"Ain't enough water there, Cap," sung out the Jerseyman. "Trust me to fetch her up right. Stand by there some of you to take a rope."

"Let go your sail!" called out a voice among the soldiers.

"Dry up there, red-coat, and teach your grandmother to suck eggs!" roared the helmsman in reply. "I've handled a boat afore you were born."

"You will be afoul of the boats!" cried the Captain again.

The sloop was now not ten feet distant. With a slight sweep of the helm her prow shot between the boats and the wharf. In a moment they were torn loose from their fastenings, and, the broken ropes caught by a strong hand, were being towed on the outer side of the sloop.

"Colonel, a word of advice," yelled the helmsman, as a turn of his wrist swept the sloop's prow out from the shore line. "Never trust a red-whiskered Jersyman. I've sold old Cornwallis by stealing his sloop with your pass and I've sold you by stealing your boats with his sloop. Hurrah for the Continental Congress, and confusion to King George!"

So quickly had all this been done, and such was the astonishment of the British, that the sloop was fifty feet away before they had recovered their senses.

"Let the rogue have it! Give him a volley!" roared the captain.

A rattle of musketry followed; but the two men on board the vessel were hidden behind the low bulwarks, and the lead flew harmlessly by.

In five minutes more the fugitives were beyond musket range.

CHAPTER IV.

AT HEADQUARTERS.

Our readers must now follow us into the presence of the American army, if such a name can be fairly applied to the small remnant of Washington's forces. The militia were still falling off from him daily, and now but about seventeen hundred remained.

These were stationed at various points along the Pennsylvania side of the river, and held in readiness for a hasty retreat should the foe succeed in crossing the stream.

Not far distant from the town of Bristol stood a group of officers engaged in earnest conversation. On the edge of the town beyond them was cantoned a regiment of infantry. To their left lay a small troop of horse.

The most prominent among the officers was a tall, well-formed, stately man, with brown hair and full, blue eyes. His expression was marked by kindliness, yet there was a dignity about his handsome features would have repressed any effort at undue familiarity.

There was little distinguishable about he uniform to indicate his rank, yet but a glance at his bearing was sufficient to prove him a man born to command.

"Poor army! it is reduced to a skeleton, and I fear its bones will soon disintegrate," he said, with a sad intonation.

"It's a bad business," replied an officer who stood near him. "This system of short enlistments of militia is simply ruinous, as I plainly told Congress. If the war is to continue there will need to be a total change of system."

"If the war is to continue we will have to save what we have left," said the first speaker. "What do you think, Colonel Reed; if we should have to retreat to the back counties of Pennsylvania will the peeple support us?"

"If the lower counties give up the back counties will do the same," replied the Colonel.

The tall officer passed his hand over his throat, and said: "My neck does not feel as though it was made for a halter. If we retire further it must be to Virginia. Numbers will fly to us for safety. We will fight the foe piecemeal. If they prove too strong for us we will cross the Alleghanies."

"And never give up while there is a man alive," said a third officer. "I am in hopes though that the bold enterprise we witnessed yesterday is a good omen of success to our side."

"Where is the brave fellow who brought off the boat? I would like a closer look at him," said the first speaker. "Will you be kind enough to seek him, Captain Mercer?"

"Yes, sir," replied a young officer, walking towards the town.

He was passing the lines of the regiment, when a roughly-dressed civilian left the circle of tents, and slowly sauntered up towards the officers, who were still earnestly conversing.

"I have just heard, General," remarked one of them, "that the Tories are disposed to make trouble off here to our left."

"In what way?" quickly replied the tall officer.

"They say that Captain Fitz, the leader of a band of cut-throats in Chester county, is out on a raid. The fellow has made a mint of trouble. He is bold as a lion, and the whole region is in awe of him. At last reports he had crossed the Schuylkill, and was raiding on this side."

"The thunder he was! Captain Fitz, you say?" came from a coarse voice behind them.

All the officers turned to look with surprise upon the stranger who had so quietly approached them.

"I know this fellow," he explained. "And I don't know too much good of him. Can't some of you lend me a horse for a day or so?"

"What do you mean, sir?" asked the General, severely.

"I just mean that I've got a crow to pick with the blasted Tory. I'd like to have a chance to sell out his little game."

"Who are you?" asked Colonel Reed.

"A full-blooded Jerseyman. Excuse me if I seem a bit imperdent. That only means that I am in sound earnest."

"You are not lacking in impudence, I must admit," replied the General, sternly. "Will some of you gentlemen send this fellow off on the nearest way across the country to his friends? Ah! Colonel McLane, I am glad to see you," he continued, as another officer joined the group.

"I am just down from the lines before Trenton," he said. "All is quiet across the river. Hallo! I've seen that phiz before," he cried, as his eyes fell upon the civilian.

"A good many folks has seen me at different times," was the composed reply of the intruder.

"Who is he?" asked the General.

"Who but the fellow who stole the sloop from under the very eyes of Howe's army, and left Cornwallis whistling for a boat."

There was a decided sensation in the group, as they all turned to look upon the freckled, shrewd face of the countryman.

"Is that the case, sirrah?" asked Colonel Reed.

"I brung her as fur as I could," he coolly replied. "They trained a cannon on me, and bored a knot hole through the sloop. She was going fast to the bottom when we took to the boats. I don't think the Britishers will get much good of her."

"I thank you, from the bottom of my heart, for the service you have done us," said the General, offering his hand. "I hope it may sometime be repaid to you."

"Lend me a horse, and we'll call it quits," replied the calm civilian. "And another thing: I don't like to shake hands with a man I don't know. Our folks call me Percival Brown—Perce, for short. Who might I be talking to?"

"Our folks call me George Washington," was the quiet reply of the officer.

"What! Thunderation! Gineral Washington! And to shake hands with a chap like me! I'd run off with two more boats for the same."

"You can have it, my brave friend," said Washington, again grasping the brown hand of the countryman. "And your horse into the bargain. Lieutenant Wilson, see that this gentleman is well mounted and armed. Do you need help in your enterprise?"

"No, Gineral," replied Perce, as he called himself. "I calculate I can have my row without any body else digging in. I'm obleeged to your honor for shaking hands with me; but I've got another bit of favor to beg of you."

"Name it," said Washington, smiling. "If it is not more than the half of our Kingdom, I cannot deny you."

"I jist want you to put your name to a bit of paper, saying that the bearer is an honest American, and can pass, with privilege to knock down the fellow that goes back on the name of George Washington at the bottom."

"Allowing the fellow equal privilege on his side," said Washington, laughing, as he proceeded to write the pass desired.

"If he's got the muscle," replied Perce. "I never give more than I'm ready to take."

"Here is your pass," said the General. "Lieutenant Wilson will provide you a horse."

"Thank you kindly, Gineral Washington," said Perce. "I toddle a good bit about the country, and this mought come in good play. I wouldn't take the horse, only I haven't time to foot it. I'll see that you get him again, safe and sound."

"We don't take back our gifts, Mr. Brown," said Washington.

"The American army aint got no bosses to spare. I'll give it back agin, then, and square it that way."

The conversation of the officers continued, after the departure of this odd character. His advent and departure had been to them like a fresh breeze. They watched him curiously as he rode off, sitting on his horse like one well used to the saddle.

"How is it, McLane, about Brooks, the spy?" asked Washington. "You know his haunts, you say."

"One of them," said the Colonel.

"Have you laid any plan to capture him?"

"Yes, and a sound one, I think. He often visits at the house of an old Tory named Roger Lawson, on the Schuylkill. He will find it dangerous quarters, if he tries it soon again. I have an ambush there, with a full description of his looks. I fancy that before a week we will end the fun of Allen Brooks."

"I hope so," said Washington, gravely. "From all accounts, he is a dangerous man. Such men in our rear are more perilous than whole brigades in our front."

The General walked slowly away towards the town, Colonel Reed accompanying him. The remainder of the group dispersed in different directions.

We must follow their example in a wider dispersal of our scenes and incidents.

The country in the vicinity of the farm of Roger Lawson was not all cultivated. There were considerable patches of the original forest remaining, and much low bush, where a new forest seemed striving to spring up.

Colonel McLane had spoken of an ambush in this vicinity. There was none such visible, even to the keenest eye, but the forest and bush were capable of concealing an army.

It was on the evening of the same day whose morning had seen the interview just recorded, that an equestrian approached this locality from the direction of the village of Germantown.

His horse had been hard pushed, however, and showed evident signs of giving out.

"There is not a mile more in the animal, that is evident," remarked the traveler. "The creature has done me good service, though, and as I have not much further to go, I will have some mercy on him. I might leave him here at Snyder's inn, and finish my journey on foot."

The proprietor of the small wayside inn welcomed the traveler warmly.

"Keep your horse, Mr. Brooks? Of course I will," he said, in reply to a request. "Come in and take a warming up cup."

"No, no, I have not a moment to stay."

Two men, who had been drinking inside the tap room, left their glasses half filled, and slipped out the back way on hearing the traveler thus addressed.

After a few more words with the landlord, the traveler set off at a brisk pace across the fields, in the most direct route to the house of Roger Lawson, about two miles distant.

He had accomplished two-thirds of this distance, and was proceeding rapidly through a bushy field, his face marked with a deep shade of anxiety, when his progress was suddenly arrested.

"Halt, friend, and give the countersign!" cried a rough voice, as two men sprung up before him.

"What do you mean, fellow?" cried the traveler, sternly.

"I mean that this ground is under martial law. You must give the countersign, or yield yourself our prisoner."

The two men were dressed in the uniform of American soldiers.

"I shall do neither the one nor the other," said the traveler, laying his hand on the sword which hung at his side. "You are falsely masquerading as soldiers. If you are of Captain Fitz's band, as I shrewdly suspect, I am ready for the pair of you."

"Why are you parlying with him?" cried a loud voice, from behind. "It is Allen Brooks, the spy. Arrest him or cut him down."

The traveler grew pale as death on hearing these ominous words. He drew his sword and stood boldly on the defensive.

With his feet each side of a fallen tree, he defended himself bravely for some minutes against his assailants, hurling the blade from the hand of the officer who confronted him.

But the odds were too heavy against him. Several other men sprang up from the bushes and ran forward.

At the same instant the officer grasped his uplifted sword near the hilt, while his companion thrust forcibly against his chest.

The athletic young man struggled fiercely to free himself from these assailants, but in vain. In a moment, other hands seized him; he was borne heavily backward to the ground, and firmly bound ere he could fairly realize his defeat.

"Villains!" he cried, with mingled rage and entreaty. "If you are soldiers, as you seem, why have you dared to treat me thus? Friends of mine are in danger. Mr. Lawson, on whose grounds we are, is in deadly peril from Captain Fitz's band of mauraders. Release me or take me to his house. He must be saved."

"Just now you charged us with being of that band," said the officer.

"I was mistaken. I see my error."

"Then we were not mistaken," said the officer, sternly. "We know you for Allen Brooks, a spy in the pay of the British. We have arrested you under orders from General Washington. I am sorry to have such work in hand, but you know the fate of a spy."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ONLY persons of wise activity who, having gauged their powers, use them with sense and moderation, may hope to become proficients in their knowledge of the universe.

AGRICULTURAL.

PEAS should be planted at intervals of a few weeks till mid-summer, to insure fresh supplies for the table. Keep clean and hoe frequently, keeping the ground loose.

BUGS are the enemy of the squash. Two quarts of gypsum and one table-spoonful of kerosene oil, mixed, and sprinkled on the squash vines when the dew is on, is said to be a safe remedy.

VINES, if planted late and after the leaves are started, should be shaded a few days, or until the roots have taken hold sufficiently to abstract moisture from the soil. Of course, if all the stems having leaves on them are pruned away, shading will not be necessary; but it is frequently the case that it is well to save the buds or small leaves.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Pacific Rural Press* says that he saves his cabbage plants while his neighbors lose all of theirs by the ravages of the black cabbage fly, by simply sowing onion seeds in the bed. The onion seed should be sown some time before that of the cabbage, in order to let them get a fair start before the latter come up. Planting a few onions set in the bed after the cabbages are up will answer the same purpose.

A GRAPE grower objects to running the trellis of a vineyard horizontally along a slope, as the ridges formed in cultivation prevent the escape of surplus water. In his own experience his fruit, which was chiefly of the Concord, Hartford and Iona, was poor, imperfectly developed, badly ripened, and more or less mildewed. After some years, the trellis was altered, so as to extend directly down the slope. The furrows, in cultivation, facilitated the escape of water from the soil, and the fruit then became well grown, plump and excellent.

SOME one has truthfully said that garden products will not do well without an abundant supply of manure. Small, tough, fibrous, insipid vegetables may be grown without it, but none other. Give the ground an annual dressing of it, well pulverized and worked in, and it will yield large, tender, juicy, esculent roots and small fruits, such as are a luxury to look at and to eat, and such as will command the highest price in market. If one's supply of barnyard manure is small, let him save all the refuse of kitchen, hennery, and wood house, and compost these together with leaves in the fall, and he will be surprised at the amount of his yearly accumulations.

CURING CLOVER HAY.—Some farmers recommend cocking clover hay after drying it a little the first day it is cut, and leaving it to "cure in the cock." Good clover hay can be more safely made by cocking it as soon as it has had one good drying day, then turning it out about 10 o'clock the next day, if the weather be fine, but leaving it quite thick upon the ground, and immediately after dinner turn it over carefully, so that the air can circulate freely through it, while the sun shines upon the surface only. The clover may lie two feet thick upon the ground, if the air can circulate well among it. When turned out twice in this way, with good weather, it will be as good clover hay as can be made, and much safer to mow away compactly than the half-cured clover that is kept steaming two or three days in cocks.

THE PHYLLOXERA OR VINE LOUSE.—In some sections of the country an insect called the phylloxera of vine louse attacks the roots of grape vines, and hitherto no remedy has been discovered. M. Dumas, a member of the French Academy of Science, has recently discovered a remedy reported as follows: "The remedy is the combined employment of sulpho-carbonate of potash, which kills the insect at any depth in the soil, and of potassic ammoniacal and sulphurred manures. M. Dumas himself is the fortunate discoverer, though his announcement to the Academy was not made until after his process had been tried by exhaustive experimenting by the commission appointed to examine into the various plans submitted. This being the case, Dumas became the possessor of $60,000 reward, besides numberless other smaller prizes."

WEDDING BELLS.

BY SCHAUQUE.

Ye wedding bells ring one glad peal;
Two lives are joined for woe or weal.
But happy weal or tearful woe,
Your wishes all, unite with ours,
That Time may strew their path with flowers,
And smooth its roughness as they go.

For one, two, three, four passing years;
The bells have rung of hopes and fears:
With joys and sorrows in between.
But still their way lies by a stream,
Which wanders as 'twere in a dream,
'Mid many a fair romantic scene.

Ye wedding bells, ring soft and sweet,
And oft' your melody repeat;
Repeat and ring right merrily.
Swing five times to the bended sky,
And sound a welcome far and high,
And let the echoes tell it me.

But, Time speeds on, ring once again,
Ring, wedding bells, and answer ten;
Ten wedded years, and now the way,
Tho' plain, grows rougher by degrees,
Than smooth, the while from inland seas,
Is wafted oft' a breath of May.

And now the bells chime twenty five;
And merry children help them strive,
To hide from sight a silver hair,
Or seek to brush or smile away
A wrinkle, which on some gone day,
A transient sorrow chiseled there.

Full fifty tones the bells now sound;
Oh, happy mortals, golden crowned
To walk through life's unshadowed glade!
With age their shoulders bending low;
Their once dark locks as driven snow,
Still strive they on, and hand in hand,
They dream oft' of a sunny land,
Where years exchanged for youth shall be,
And though a glad eternity,
The call of love is well obeyed.

A SAILOR'S FORTUNE.

A Romance of the Land and the Ocean.

By FRED HUNTER.

CHAPTER XXII.

UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL OF FRIENDS AT THE PRISON.

While yet Martini had hardly left the square, the carriage of Madame Denoir halted before the prison. It was a part of the notary's plan to inform Elmir that Madame Denoir had learned of his arrest, and had commissioned him to visit the young man and propose to him once more to quit Havre, in quiet; if he had agreed to this—the trial of Elmir would have been quashed, "Lemoine" would not have made his appearance, and subsequently—by agreement—the notary would again have met him, sent him out of France, and then followed madame up, at his leisure! Such was the plan; but, as we have seen, Elmir would not hear to the notary, in any way whatever.

When the rusty old hinges grated upon the retreat of Martini, as the door closed behind him, how little did the poor prisoner anticipate what was in store for him, in a few brief moments! He was wild with excitement—with contempt and rage at the audacity and duplicity of the notary—with joy and hope at the announcement that Madame Denoir had learned of his trouble.

"Ah! *She* will not persecute me," he contended, mentally; "she is my friend. She will come to me—she will relieve me—she will rescue me from this dreadful peril! And Flora, too, I shall hear of *her*—sweet, innocent, charming Flora Delmont! They will not believe me guilty of this terrible charge; they will assist me to punish the fiend who has so long annoyed us all—they will defend me—"

"Leave me, I say!" continued Elmir harshly—turning around, at this moment, as the turnkey approached his window, and informed him that some one would confer with him. "Bid him leave me—I will not see him. He is a knave—a thief—a slanderer—a vile, heartless wretch—"

"Who, monsieur?"

"Martini, the notary!"

"He is gone; and two other strangers are in waiting to see you, by permission from monsieur le commissaire."

"Two—others. *Two*, did you say?" asked Elmir, as his heart leaped into his throat.

"Yes, monsieur; two ladies. And very nice seeming persons are they, to be sure."

"Yes—yes—shew them up, in—that is to say, monsieur—are you certain that they ask for *me*?"

"They bring a permit to confer with Elmir Fonblanc."

"It is right—they are my friends!"

"Here they be, monsieur," added the turnkey; and as the door opened, the poor prisoner saw before him his best loved friends—Madame Denoir and Flora Delmont! He staggered back, overcome with his emotions; and his visitors entering, the door was closed, and the three friends were alone together, in Elmir's cell!

The scene which followed, we cannot faithfully depict, and we leave the reader to conceive the joy which filled the hitherto troubled breast of the poor sailor, who had so long been separated from those he so dearly loved, and who had been so faithful to him, in his adversity—as he now grasped the hand of each, and hastily repeated in their presence, though briefly, the story of his wrongs and sufferings.

While his beautiful visitors listened, then, Elmir recounted his perils and the wrongs he had suffered; but when he spoke of Lemoine and Martini as one and the same person, the color fled from madame's cheeks, and she was astounded beyond conception! She called to mind a score of circumstances which had transpired during her previous visit to Havre, and she very quickly came to the conclusion that there was no mistake in Elmir's recital.

But the details of the scene at the attorney's office, when Elmir discovered the intercepted package of letters, and when he also first ascertained that this attorney and Martini was the same individual, engaged the especial notice of madame—who repeatedly interrupted Elmir to learn the exact particulars of that occurrence. Fonblanc did not hesitate to acknowledge that he throttled the knave, and that in the midst of the fray he was seized upon by the police. He explained every minutiæ of the quarrel, however, to the entire satisfaction of his friends; and, after the most cordial assurances on their part that he should shortly be released—madame and Flora left him once more to himself.

Faithful to her promise, madame lost no time in again communicating with the commissary, who, after hearing her account of the interview with Elmir, referred her with an especial letter of recommendation to the *Procureur du Roi*. The letters which had been put into the care of the government, and which Martini relied on to prove the alleged attempt at robbery (against Elmir), were very readily recognized by madame and Flora, who did not hesitate to affirm were *their* letters, sent to Elmir, and evidently intercepted by Martini, *en route*. This fact, coupled with the charge that Lemoine and Martini was the same person, led to suspicions of a grave character; and an order was instantly issued for the notary's arrest and imprisonment.

While this was going on, the office of Lemoine was again opened, and the crippled occupant re-appeared there, with his gray wig, his staff and his huge green goggles. He resorted to his *incognito* once more as a final *ruse*. He determined to meet madame (unaware as he was that she had as yet seen Fonblanc), and by some *coup de main* which he imagined himself capable of, to coerce her into his plans, or finally to compromise the whole matter as best he might. While he sat in his easy chair, mentally concocting the details of this final grand scheme to effect his wicked designs, the door opened softly, and Madame Denoir herself entered his apartment.

The cunning attorney did not blanch, and his ready tongue served him bravely for the crisis. He did not expect his visitor, by any means—but he knew the value of a diplomatic course, in this unsolicited emergency.

"Ah, madame!" he said, quickly rising, and assuming the squeaking tone of voice in which he had addressed her upon previous occasions; "I was looking for a summons to wait upon you, for I learned an hour since, that you were on your way to Havre!"

Madame Denoir looked directly into the deceiver's eye, and sat down before him, without a word of reply.

"You come from Paris, madame?"

"I come from the prison of Elmir Fonblanc, monsieur," said the lady bitterly.

"Ah, yes. I know it all—I have heard from my friend, Martini—"

"Elmir Fonblanc is now in a miserable dungeon, upon complaint of one Lemoine, the attorney—who charges him with having attempted a robbery, on the latter's premises."

"Such is the fact, madame, I admit—and for your sake, who I learned but recently claim to be his friend—I regret his misfortune."

"Do you *know* me, monsieur?"

"Yes—yes. You are—"

"Marie Denoir! You have fancied that you knew me, and you have pursued me and mine with a malice unheard of, unlimited, inexcusable, monsieur! Long since, I warned you, but you did not heed me. The hour for retribution is at length arrived!"

"I do not comprehend you, madame?"

"*No?* Then I will be explicit—though I shall also be brief. The career of intrigue and deceit you have so long practised, is over. I tell you I have just come from the prison house of Elmir Fonblanc, who lies there at *your* instigation, falsely accused—and you know it! The order for his release, however, will be quickly promulgated—while the order for your arrest, Andreas Martini, has already gone forth, from the Procureur du Roi!"

"What!" shrieked the now thoroughly alarmed notary, forgetting his assumed tone of voice and his disguise, entirely—"what, madame!"

"I have spoken truly, monsieur;" added the lady, rising; "you are known; your guilt can be proved; your duplicity and your knavery will serve you no longer! You have been your own enemy—and your intended victims have triumphed. Adieu!"

Thus speaking, madame quickly retired, leaving the guilty notary well-nigh a maniac—from fear and astonishment!

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE NOTARY IS THOROUGHLY ALARMED.

As the door closed upon the retreating foot-steps of his visitor, Martini sprang desperately to his feet.

"What now?" he asked himself, wildly. "What is to follow this? Am I to be beaten, vanquished, annihilated, without a final struggle? *Never!* But his thoughts soon became connected, and he saw the opportunity before him for escape. He dared not tarry to ascertain whether madame had really spoken the truth, for delay was fatal to him, if she had. He would quit France, escape to England, and leave to future chance his hope of overcoming his opponents.

Hurrying to his closet, therefore, he instantly threw aside his staff and disguise, and thrust himself hastily into his notary's dress. He secured his money, notes and valuables, and was just about to leave his office, when a loud rap—a most unearthly and unwelcome summons at that moment, to *his ears*—was heard upon his office-door! He started—halted—gasped for breath—but could not reply!

"What, ho! Within, there! Monsieur—open! In the name of the King!" said a rough voice from without.

For an instant there was no reply. The summons was again repeated, but still no answer came; and he overheard the gensd'armes outside, as they spoke of his arrest.

"He's not far away," said one.

"Let us wait, then;" was the answer. 'He will soon return. Do you know him?"

"Yes," said the other.

"As Martini?"

"Yes, or Lemoine, either."

"Ha, ha! *C'est bien.* He is in a nice fix, to be sure! He will soon be better acquainted with the interior of the Bastile—the villain!

"The Bastile?"

"Yes—if convicted; he will not be detained in Havre, surely, for we have enough of his species here already; and he belongs in Paris, you see.

"What was that?" asked the second speaker, a moment afterward, addressing his companion.

"I heard nothing—did you?" said the other.

"Yes," was his answer, as he turned his head towards the door, and listened as he thought to some movement within "Lemoine's" office. But he learned nothing further, and so they tarried in quiet for an hour—two, three hours longer—but still their intended victim did not make his appearance.

Quiet reigned in the *Rue de la Platte*; and the two soldiers had waited several hours for the attorney's return; when, for the second time, they overheard a slight movement within the office they guarded.

"Some one is there," said the first man.

"So I think," replied his companion.

"It must be he, then?"

"Shall we force the door?"

"Yes—let us be satisfied if we have been watching here three or four long hours for nothing," responded his mate; and with these words, they threw themselves against the door, which quickly gave way before the assault; and, to their utter surprise, they found monsieur sitting calmly at his desk, as if nothing unusual had transpired in his vicinity!

"Sound asleep, Jose," exclaimed the foremost soldier, "as I'm a Frenchman! I've a mind to waken him, without ceremony, for thus detaining us in the cold, for nought."

"Look again, Torrierre!" said his companion, in a whisper; "look again!" and the paling cheek of the last speaker alarmed Torrierre, seriously.

"Is he not asleep, Jose?" queried the other.

"*He is dead*, Torrierre!" was the reply—and as it proved. He had taken poison; and though he now sat bolt upright in his chair, before the desk, the fatal empty phial which lay at his feet was quickly discovered, and it was found that Martini, the notary—who had seen and committed so many sins—had gone to his final account!

* * * * * * * *

CHAPTER XXIV.

A BRIGHTER PICTURE. A HAPPY SCENE. THE FINALE.

From the dreary and sombre picture just now presented, let us turn to a bright and glowing scene in another place, where joy, and pleasure, and revelry ruled the passing hours! To the beautiful city of Toulon, in Southern France. The clouds which had so long lowered over the fortunes of the sailor-boy are dispersed; and a twelve-month has passed away since the sudden and terrible death of Martini, the notary. The documents which secured to Elmir Fonblanc a handsome fortune are upon record, in due form; he has has attained his majority, and is now in possession of his ample means—bequeathed to him by his uncle, Monsieur Bouvais, of Paris.

It was the eighteenth birth-night of Flora Delmont; and to the superbly appointed residence of Madame Denoir, in Toulon, we will now invite the company of our readers. This mansion was located in the most fashionable quarter of the town, and for several months it had been the "centre of attraction" for the fashion and elite of the neighborhood.

During the year just now passed by, our three friends had made the tour of the continent, together. Immediately upon the fact having been made known to the authorities of Havre that Martini had committed suicide, an order was issued by the commissionary—at the instigation of Madame Denoir—for the farther examination of Elmir Fonblanc, who was then in prison upon a charge of assault and attempted robbery. He was forthwith brought up, therefore, but no one appeared against him—and he was very soon afterwards released entirely from custody.

He returned to Paris, in triumph accompanied by madame and Flora Delmont—the latter personage constantly improving (in Elmir's estimation), as they became better acquainted, and proceeded forward. Fonblanc entered into a detailed account of all the scenes he had passed through, from the hour that he first left Paris and his explanations were not entirely satisfactory, but his narrative served to show more conclusively than they had yet had reason to suspect, how correct was the opinion which the lad entertained of the cunning notary.

In the twelvemonth just terminated, ample opportunity had been afforded for all these explanations; and though Elmir had improved them to inform his two friends of all that he had suffered during the period of his absence—at the same time he had not omitted to aim to ingratiate himself in the good esteem of Flora.

In this effort he had been eminently successful, as may well be conceived! Madame Denoir had lost no time, meanwhile in pushing forward the object of her *own* hopes—for she desired that Elmir and Flora should be united together, and she had long since resolved to bring it about (if it could be plausibly executed at the appropriate time. That time arrived, at last. Madame had watched the growing friendship and filial affection which existed between her *protege*, and having entered into a full explanation of the origin of Flora, and also cleared up the cause of her secret marriage with Monsieur Bouvais—as well as the reasons for her subsequent course of conduct—she formally presented to Elmir her daughter, Flora, and promised him her hand in marriage.

The "heiress of Toulon" was eighteen years old, on this very night; and a glorious assemblage of the beauty, the nobility, the aristocracy of the town were congregated within the massive walls of that fine estate, to witness the marriage of Elmir Fonblanc and the fair Flora.

There were gay equipages, and lordly guests, fair dames and nobles of rank in attendance—and the sound of laughter, and music, and joy rang through the gaily appointed saloons. Never did Flora look so beautiful as when she entered the drawing-room, at last, leaning gracefully upon the arm of the handsome and nobly-formed Elmir, followed half a score of groomsmen and bridesmaids—preparatory to the nuptials.

The act which joined "two fond and willing hearts" was at length concluded—and the object of Madame Denoir was thus consummated. The priest pronounced his fervent blessing on the union, and Flora Delmont (hitherto so termed) and Elmir Fonblanc were one!

And here we will leave them—amid their rounds of pleasure and the enjoyments of their household felicities. We have brought the wandering sailor-boy home, we have seen the fate of the wicked and the wayward, we have chronicled the triumph of virtue and integrity over vice and duplicity—and we have done with the history of THE HEIRESS OF TOULON.

EMPTY self-praise is said to smell amiss; that may be, but the public has no nose for the detection of unjust blame of others.

A MAY MOVING.

"But what will you do, Uncle Reuben, if you do not come with us?"

"I think I will stay here. This has been my home for twenty-two years, Sophie, and I should hate to leave it."

"But who will keep house for you?"

"I will let the house furnished, and keep some of the rooms for the rent."

Sophie Elwood laughed as she spoke, but her troubled eyes contradicted the merriment of her lips.

"I cannot bear to leave you," she said, after a long silence. "It does not seem right."

"Dear child, it is right," was the gentle answer. "Your husband has the first claim upon you."

"We are so happy!" she sighed. "I cannot see why Silas wants to change."

"I can. When Silas courted you, Sophie, and won the gentlest, purest heart I ever knew, he told me he was a very poor man, having only a small salary, while you were my only relative and my heiress. He would have left you then, to win a fortune to lay at your feet, but I would not let him go. I told him, and truly, that your happiness was the dearest object of my life, and that there was plenty for all if he would come to our home. So you were married, dear; but Silas has never lost the sense of dependence that is the most galling of all senses to an honorable man."

"But, Uncle Reuben, he should not feel so. What does it matter whether the money is yours or his?"

"A woman's argument, Sophie! He knows that the dearest pride of an honorable man's heart is to give to his wife that support he owes her when he marries her. Tell me, Sophie, has Silas ever been so happy as he has since this offer to go West was made?"

"No," said Sophie, reluctantly, "he never has."

"Because it gives him a large salary, and a certainty of increasing it by his own business enterprise, and he can take you to his home without depriving you of any of the luxuries you have always enjoyed."

"I understand now. But I wish it was not so. I have been your housekeeper so long, it is hard for me to think any one else can fill my place."

"No one ever can, Sophie. But if I am too miserable I will ask Silas to give me a corner in your home."

"You promise that?"

"Yes, I will promise that. Now, dear, write me an advertisement for the house. Luckily the first of May is not far off, and there will be plenty of applicants for a furnished house."

The advertisement was written, and, busy as she was with her own preparations for a removal, Sophie would seem very applicant.

She was resolved to leave her Uncle as comfortable as possible, and was a very dragon in her exactions.

One was too noisy and domineering, would worry the poor man into his grave in a month. Another she was sure would starve him, she was so emphatic about her table. One wanted too many indulgences, another was too exact as to hours. Sophie was beginning to think the house never would be let, when a card was brought to her room, early one bright morning.

"MRS. ALBERT HUTCHINSON."

Sophie went to the parlor. A lady of diminutive stature, dressed in deep mourning, rose to meet her, and Sophie thought she had never seen so sweet and so sad a face.

The usual catalogue of questions and answers followed, and Sophie decided, first, that Mrs. Hutchinson was a lady in every sense of the word, and, secondly, that she had seen her face before, but where or when she could not decide.

"You are a widow, I presume," she said.

"Yes. It is fourteen years since my husband died. I am wearing mourning for my only son, who was my sole support, though but twenty. I have been in ill-health for years, though I am stronger now. I do not think I could undertake a very large boarding-house, but I can certainly make the old gentleman you speak of comfortable."

"You had better call and see my uncle, then, at five o'clock. I will tell you now, that you are the only applicant I have introduced to him; but if you can arrange the business with him, I am satisfied to leave him in your care."

So when Reuben Bradford came home Sophie told him that she considered the house taken.

"And, uncle," she said, merrily, "if this widow captures you, I think I can forgive her. She is as pretty as a picture, though she has lost a son twenty years old, and her voice is as musical as a flute. It agonizes me to imagine how boarders will run over her and impose upon her, for I am sure she has not the spirit of a mouse. So make the terms easy for her, won't you."

"Did she tell you her name?"

"Mrs. Albert Hutchinson."

"What?"

"Mrs. Albert Hutchinson; but her letter of reference from her present landlord was for Mrs. Annette C. Hutchinson. Uncle Reuben, what is the matter?"

For it was a very pale face into which Sophie was looking, and the hands crossed on Reuben Bradford's lap trembled violently.

"Annette Colton! Little Annette!" he murmured. "Did you tell her my name, Sophie?"

"No, I think not. I am quite sure I did not."

"Do you remember once, when I was turning over some papers in my desk, you found a miniature picture?"

"Yes. I knew I had seen her face somewhere."

"Is it like her now?"

"Very like."

"After twenty-two years! Little Annette! We were engaged to be married once, Sophie, and her father gave me that picture."

"Engaged to be married?" cried Sophie.

"Yes. I will tell you all about it. Her father was one of my clerks, and I met Annette one evening, when I called upon business. She was only seventeen and as pretty as a fairy—a child to me, for I was then past thirty. After I had once seen her, I found a great deal of business requiring me at Colton's. I never was a young man, Sophie. Before I was sixteen I had troubles and cares, and at twenty-one my father's heavy business and large estate fell into my hands. Other men called me old-fashioned then, for I was grave, sedate and reserved above my years. Engrossed by business I had never cared much for society, and never certainly for any one fair face until I saw Annette Colton. She was as sweet and as womanly as she was pretty, too gentle and yielding perhaps, but to me, altogether lovely."

"I can imagine just what she was," said Sophie. "She is very lovely now."

"Her father," continued Mr. Bradford, "knew my love before I had myself discovered it. By every art and device he encouraged it; for in a worldly way I was a great match for a poor clerk's child."

"Any man might be proud to give a daughter to your loving care," said Sophie, quickly, "if you had not one dollar in the world."

"Thank you, my dear. Colton probably thought much more of my bank account than of me. He fooled me, perfectly, Sophie, and made me believe Annette loved me, but was shy with a sweet maidenly modesty. If I invited her out, she was ever ready; she sang for me; she talked for me in her low, sweet voice, winning me to deeper love at every interview. I saw that she grew pale when I was tender, that her little hand trembled and shrank from mine when I strove to clasp it; but I believed her father when he told me it was but girlish shyness.

"When I asked him for her hand he was eagerly glad to grant my prayer. When I told Annette of my love, and her father's consent to the wooing, she only whispered a faint assent.

"I was so proud, so happy, Sophie, as I prepared my house—this house—for my bride."

"Then she has been here?"

"No. I planned to surprise her. She lived in a small cottage in Camden, and I furnished this with the costliest furniture to give her welcome. In the rooms I put all that I thought could please her. She loved paintings, and choice ones hung upon the walls. She was fond of flowers, and I built a conservatory. Her favorite colors were selected for carpets, curtains, and decorations. I gave her father a handsome check for her trousseau. But, one week before the wedding-day, she eloped with Albert Hutchinson, another of my clerks."

"The little cat," said Sophie.

"Not so. I have the letter she wrote me yet. Long before she ever knew me she loved Albert. He was, as I said, a clerk in my employ, and had but a small salary. As soon as my visits became frequent, my hope, apparent to her father, he forbade Albert Hutchinson the house. At the same time he commanded Annette to forget him, and to encourage any attentions I might offer. The poor child to whom obedience to her father was a sacred duty, tried to comply. In the touching letter she wrote to me she begged me to forgive her if she had wounded me, telling me that she had tried to give me the first place in her heart, but could not forget the first, stronger love. She strove to believe she would be a faithful true wife to me, and make me happy, but by the very force and eagerness of my love I made her see how weak and poor would be her return for it. She bore her own torture bravely, but when she believed she would do me a cruel wrong by being my wife, with her whole heart given to another love, she married Albert Hutchinson! Do not blame her, Sophie. I never did."

"Did you ever hear of her again?"

"Yes. I heard that Hutchinson was in St. Louis, by a letter sent by a firm where he sought employment. He had been a faithful clerk to me, and I wrote a warm letter, that secured him a position. I also insisted upon Colton's sending to Annette the trousseau prepared for her, and wrote her a letter sincerely expressive of my wishes for her future happiness. That is all I knew of her until to-day."

As he spoke the door-bell rang, and a moment later the servant ushered Mrs. Hutchinson into the room.

Reuben Bradford had purposely turned his face for a moment away from the new-comer. Memory was very busy in his heart.

Very gently, Sophie said:

"I hope you will not think us impertinent, Mr. Hutchinson, if I ask you to tell us something of yourself, before we decide about the house?"

"There is very little for me to tell you," said the low, sweet voice that made every pulse of Reuben Bradford's heart bound quickly. "My husband, as I told you this morning, died fourteen years ago, leaving me with three children. Two of these died shortly after I lost my husband, and I became very feeble from repeated attacks of ague. So I came back to this city where I obtained work, and educated my only surviving boy, Reuben."

"Reuben?"

"Reuben Bradford! He was our first born, and named for the kindest friend I ever had, the noblest man I ever knew."

"And he too is dead?"

"Yes. He was killed in an iron foundry last summer. Since then I have had difficulty in procuring work."

"Why do you not apply to Reuben Bradford?"

The widow's pale face colored painfully, but she did not speak. Reuben turned to face her then.

"Have you forgotten me, Annette?" he said, holding out his hand, "or did you think I would not be glad, more than glad, to see you once more?"

The tears were falling fast over Annette's pale cheeks, but, after a struggle for composure, she said:

"You were more than kind to me, Mr. Bradford, when I had wronged you deeply. Could I ask more from you than you have already given to me?"

"If you wronged me," he answered gently; you tried to atone. You did not do to me the greater wrong of thinking I wished to force you into a hateful marriage."

"I loved my husband!" she pleaded.

"And you were right when, loving him, you refused to marry me. But now, Annette, now that he has gone from life and from your love, could you not come to me to be my cherished wife?"

"Me?" she cried.

"I have waited twenty-two years for love," Reuben pleaded, "for no other face has ever crowded yours from my heart. All the old love is there, waiting for you, Annette."

"Let me think!" she whispered, "It is too much happiness!"

Then, lovingly, Sophie led her away, and with a tender kiss, left her alone in the library, to recover from her bewilderment. As she kissed her, she said softly:

"This is the house Reuben Bradford furnished for your home twenty-two years ago. It is not too late to make him very happy by coming to preside over it."

Alone, Annette Hutchinson bent her head, and prayed fervently. She had loved her husband with all the romantic love of her youth, and had mourned sincerely when he died. But Reuben Bradford had been to her a prince of men—nobler than any other. The respect she had ever given him had been strengthened by his generous forgiveness of the wrong she had done him, and for years there was no image brighter in her memory than that of the man she had once refused to marry. That he was rich, she poor, did not enter into her mind.

She wanted to be sure that she could bring him such love and tenderness as would atone for the past, and give him love for the future. It was an hour before she returned to the room, where, alone, he waited her decision. Her face had a delicate rose flush on the fair cheeks, her eyes, though downcast, were bright, as she came bravely to him.

"Reuben," she said, "if my love can make you happy, it is yours."

So there was a May moving, following a quiet wedding, for Silas Elwood and his wife left for the West on the day Annette Bradford came to take possession of her new home. And Reuben Bradford has not yet been sufficiently miserable to ask for that corner in Sophie's house.

"A DROP OF JOY IN EVERY WORD,"

FLEMINGTON, Hunterdon Co., N. J.,
June 26, 1874.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—It is with a happy heart that I pen these lines to acknowledge that you and your Golden Medical Discovery and Purgative Pellets are blessings to the World. These medicines cannot be too highly praised, for they have almost brought me out of the grave. Three months ago I was broken out with large ulcers and sores on my body, limbs and face. I procured your Golden Medical Discovery and Purgative Pellets, and have taken six bottles, and to-day I am in good health, all those ugly ulcers having healed and left my skin in a natural, healthy condition. I thought at one time I could not be cured. Although I can but poorly express my gratitude to you, yet there is a drop of joy in every word I write. God's blessing rest on you and your wonderful medicines is the humble prayer of

Yours truly,
JAMES O. BELLIS.

When a medicine will promptly cure such terrible eating ulcers and free the blood from the virulent poison causing them, who can longer doubt its wonderful virtues? Dr. Peirce, however, does not wish to place his Golden Medical Discovery in the catalogue of quack patent nostrums by recommending it to cure every disease, nor does he so recommend it; but what he does claim is this, that there is but one form of *blood* disease that it will not cure, and that disease is cancer. He does not recommend his Discovery for that disease, yet he knows it to be the most searching blood cleanser yet discovered, and that it will free the blood and system of all other known blood poisons, be they animal, vegetable or mineral. The Golden discovery is *warranted* by him to cure the worst forms of Skin Diseases, as all forms of Blotches, Pimples and Eruptions, also all Glandular Swellings, and the worst form of Scrofulous and Ulcerated Sores of Neck, Legs or other parts, and all Scrofulous Diseases of the Bones, as White Swellings, Fever Sores, Hip Joint and Spinal Diseases, all of which belong to Scrofulous diseases.

DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP, (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.,) will satisfy the most doubting, of its great merit. Pure and white as snow. Try it. Make your grocer get it.

RECEIPTS.

AMMONIA has no equal for washing windows and mirrors.

To make labels stick to tin, add a little honey to common flour paste.

CHEAP steam-tight cement can be made by a mixture of rye flour and linseed oil, with an equal portion of white chalk.

LEMONS can be preserved by varnishing them with a solution of shellac in alcohol. The skin of shellac formed is easily removed by rubbing the fruit in the hands.

THE best quality of mucilage in the market is made by dissolving clear glue in equal volumes of water and strong vinegar, an adding one-fourth of an equal volume of alcohol and a small quantity of a solution of alum in water.

To judge if flour be pure and good, take a little in the hand, and squeeze it for half a minute. If good, it can be put out of the hand in a lump, retaining the form given it by the hand; if adulterated, it will fall apart as soon as it leaves the hand.

ONE of the most agreeable materials for curtaining windows is coarse unbleached cotton. The irregularity of the thread and the roughness of the surface gives its soft folds much the charm of a Russia crash, and its hue warms the light of cool, north windows almost to the glow of sunshine.

FOR an excellent shampoo liquid take carbonate of ammonia, half ounce; carbonate of potash one ounce; water one pint. Dissolve and add to the solution, tincture of cantharides, two fluid ounces; rectified spirits, one pint; good rum, three quarts. Rub the hair well with this till a lather is formed, and then wash the head with cold water.

To make a fire and waterproof cement to be used on broken ware, take a teacupful each of vinegar and milk, mix, separate the curd and mix the whey with the whites of two or three eggs, beat this mixture well together, then add enough common or quick lime to make the cement of proper consistency. A less or greater quantity can be made as required.

IF the globes on a glass fixture are much stained on the outside by smoke, soak them in tolerably hot water in which a little washing soda has been dissolved. Then put a teaspoonful of powdered ammonia in a pan of lukewarm water, and with a hard brush scrub the globes until the smoke stains disappear. Rinse in clean, cold water. They will be as white as if new.

TO CURE BEEF FOR DRYING.—This recipe keeps the meat moist, so that it has none of that toughness dried beef mostly has when a little old. To every twenty-eight or thirty pounds allow one tablespoonful of saltpetre, one quart of fine salt, mixed with molasses until the color is about that of brown sugar; rub the pieces of meat with the mixture, and when done, let all stick to it that will. Pack in a deep narrow vessel, as a keg or half barrel, that the pickle may cover the meat, and let it remain forty eight hours; at the end of that time enough pickle will be formed to nearly cover it. Take it out, and hang it in a suitable place for drying. Allow all the mixture to adhere to the meat that will.

Gouraud's Vegetable Liquid Rouge.—The desire of a brilliant coloring matter for pale cheeks and lips, has long been felt by those ladies who are wanting in natural redness; and DR. T. F. GOURAUD'S magnificent preparation of LIQUID ROUGE is admirably designed to fill this deficiency. The common rouges, from their unctuous nature, cannot be expected to do otherwise than *catch* and *retain* the dust and other floating matter with which the air is usually loaded—and especially so, if the weather is very warm. Independent of this, they are objectionable also, from the fact that a handkerchief cannot be brought in contact with the cheek or lip which has been thus besmeared, without removing a portion of the artificial color. GOURAUD'S LIQUID ROUGE, on the contrary, has all the permanence, of a stain, and cannot be *disturbed by the most violent friction*. It contains nothing unctuous; and the rich roseate hue it imparts to the cheek is such an exact imitation of *nature*, that the closest scrutiny will fail to detect that the coloring is artificial.

☞ Be particular to bear in mind, that DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S only depot is at No. 48 BOND STREET, (late of 453 Broadway,) New York.

Fifty cents a bottle.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
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Saturday Evening, July 15, 1876.

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE.

A MOST palpable mistake of the age, is the strife for position rather than for excellence. There may not perhaps be more of ambition in man now than formerly, but with increase of freedom, obstacles to the attainment of high place have been removed, so that throngs now jostle along the paths where formerly but few were permitted to climb. In a despotism the common people might envy, but could not hope to possess the power, wealth and splendor of their masters. In a state where equality of all under the law is recognized, these glittering treasures brought within reach, attract and stimulate the masses. "You may yet be President," is whispered by the fond mother to her bright boy, is the staple of many an address to pupils at school, and is the never forgotten possibility which cheers the politician in his life-long struggle.

The love of art, science and literature for their own sakes, because of the treasures they can of themselves bring to those who give their lives to such pursuits is not extinct, but the achievements of olden times still shame hosts of modern aspirants, and largely because these latter look for the accompaniments, the trappings, the outer rewards which eminence in them secures, while the masters strove for pre-eminence in the pursuit itself, irrespective of its surroundings.

Which is the better, the gold or its glitter? The picture or its frame? the virtue or the praise it brings; the substance or its shadow? "I would rather be right than be President," is preserved as in a casket of gold in the memories of of thousands who recognized in the utterance a gem of brighter radiance than ever sparkled in the diadem of a monarch. Alas! that so few seek to possess such treasures.

The spectacle of littleness in high places is pitiable; a pigmy on a pyramid is only the more dwarfed. The very efforts of mediocrity to secure the place due to greatness result in immortality of shame, the promotion of fools.

The lesson men need to learn and which we would teach, is that what one *is*, not what he has, constitutes worth. The young should be taught to value *themselves* higher than any place they may aspire to; to *be* great, rather than to appear so; then, if circumstances call them to the front rank, they can worthily fill it. The power which rests in the peaceful bosom of the mighty lakes is no greater because of its outpouring in the roar of Niagara; it manifests itself there, but it has its sources in countless hidden springs. A rivulet leaping from such a height, falls only in harmless spray. Let the soul gather power into itself from all the plains of life; then if its opportunity comes, the world shall join in the chorus which its mighty flow will evoke.

OUR CENTENNIAL MEMENTOS.

OUR Centennial Medallions have brought back so many expressions of pleasure from those who have obtained them, that we feel warranted in again calling especial attention to them, and the easy terms on which they can be secured.

It is a marvel that such beautiful and delicately lined work can be brought out on solid wood without the work of the most artistic carver. If they were made in that way, five dollars each would be a very moderate price for the skill and labor required to produce them, yet they are fully equal to the finest carved work. On being told that they are made by pressure between dies, many conclude that the material used is a composition of some kind, containing sawdust and made to resemble wood. Such is not the case: the medallions are actually pressed out of solid black walnut, in very bold relief, bolder in fact than is seen on those made of metal. They are more beautiful than the latter, as age only improves their appearance while metal ones will tarnish in a short time. The immense pressure of forty tons is required to bring them out; this is secured by powerful hydraulic presses.

Simply as curiosities of art, these medallions will be valued by all who possess them. Their great interest, however, is their appropriateness as mementos of the Centennial celebration. The splendid head of Washington should have a place in every household, and the exact representation of the Exposition buildings, the heads of the Commissioners, and time-honored Independence Hall, will be looked at with increasing pleasure in future years.

Our offer to send one medal for each new subscriber obtained by any one now a subscriber still holds good.

WE CANNOT AFFORD IT.

AN order for an advertisement to be published eight times, amounting in the aggregate to four hundred dollars, was this day declined, because we could not afford to publish it. The full regular rates were offered, and there was no doubt as to the responsibility of the parties. The same advertisement appears in many papers counted respectable. Well, what was the matter with it?

It was the advertisement of a lottery. Large prizes offered for a small investment. An offer to our readers to engage in gambling of the most seductive kind; where they could send money by mail, unobserved by their neighbors, and *perhaps* receive a large return in money they had never earned. More likely, however, their experience would have been to lose the sum invested, as in the fairest lottery more must lose than win.

We cannot afford to publish such advertisements, and thus contribute to the perpetuation of a vice which has been the ruin of thousands, and hereby decline in advance all such offers.

THE GENTLEMAN FARMER.

HE has for years made money by trade, or manufactures, or professional life, and is now about to enjoy it. Rural neighborhoods rejoice and thrive when such a one buys a place in their midst. He enjoys spending money for improvements; they love to have him enjoy himself in that way. A small army, adepts at doing the least work for the most money, swarm over the place, attacks the fences, the ditches, the roads and the woods, and the purse of the owner, which usually surrenders long before victory is gained over disorder and dilapidation.

With illy concealed contempt for the crude ideas of the slow plodding countrymen among whom he has come, our gentleman farmer will show them how to use brains at this business. He "crams" with books on crops, fruit, fertilizers, stock, and draining. Cattle with long pedigrees at their heads and longer bills at their tails are imported; improved seeds weighed against silver are sown; crops are cultivated with machinery run by skilled engineers—common hands could never master their intricacies. The outlay goes on magnificently, and enthusiasm rises with each new investment. The season passes. Under high stimulus some of the products are unprecedented. Such a yield of corn was never seen in Jonesville, and the proud owner's eyes sparkle as the crowd express their wonder, and first prizes at the Fair crown the triumph. No matter though the corn which is worth one dollar per bushel, has cost the owner a dollar and a half; that is if his purse is long enough. He has ridden his hobby and is willing to pay his fare.

Some things have not turned out as nicely. The twenty dollar hens have not laid worth a cent. The high-bred cows have been put to shame by the yield from low-born natives, and some of the heavy priced potatoes have been remarkably small.

To sum up, the experimenter finds at the year's end that he has had a pleasant time and paid roundly for it, and, he feels increasing respect for the plain, hard-working men who have somehow managed to make ends meet and a moderate profit besides.

If such a man have money and persistence enough to learn farming as he learns other business, step by step, experimentally, he may ultimately succeed in getting a fair income from his investments and a fair share of contentment with life, but this is rarely the case. Two or three years usually send the man back to the city, disgusted with country life, and sure that gentleman farming is a delusion and a snare.

THE NEW LIBERTY BELL.

THE bell which is to take the place once occupied by the old "Liberty Bell" is now securely resting in its proper place in Independence Hall in this city. It is seven feet high and twenty-three and one-half feet in circumference at the mouth. Its weight is 13,700 pounds; the clapper weighs 300 pounds. It is made of a mixture of 80 per cent. copper and 20 per cent. tin. Cannon captured at Saratoga during the Revolutionary war, and at Gettysburg during the Rebellion, furnish part of the material. It bears the mottoes "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof" and "Glory to God in the highest, on earth, peace, good will toward men." There is also the inscription "Presented to the City of Philadelphia by a citizen."

The citizen who thus modestly withholds his name is Mr. Henry Seybert, who has also had a new clock with dials nine feet in diameter placed in the tower of the hall. The cost of the clock and bell is said to be $20,000.

The new bell is to be first rung with thirteen strokes—one for each of the original States—at noon on July 4th, 1876. It was manufactured at Troy, New York.

A CENTENNIAL MESSAGE.

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Centennial number of the Philadelphia *Sunday School Times* contains a message from President Grant to the children and youth of the United States:

> WASHINGTON, June 6th, 1876.
>
> *To the Editor of the Sunday School Times, Philadelphia:*
>
> Your favor of yesterday, asking a message from me to the children and youth of the United States, to accompany your Centennial number, is this moment received.
>
> My advice to Sunday-schools, no matter what their denomination, is "Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet-anchor of your liberties; write its precepts in your hearts, and practice them in your lives.
>
> To the influence of this book are we indebted for all the progress made in true civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in the future.
>
> "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."
>
> Yours, respectfully,
> U. S. GRANT.

AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

We still linger in Italy where the beautiful in Art has its home.

Among the descriptions we have given of these works of art it has been our aim to mention those which merit a high place, not only for truth of delineation, but for the artistic merit of the subject chosen.

AMONG THE SMALLER BRONZES

there is a remarkably fine representation of a chariot race; in the attitude of the horses, the strained muscles of the neck in their eagerness to win the goal; the position of the driver, the details of each separate feature of the subject down to the delicate embroidery upon the flying robe; the tracery upon the reins; the carved chariot, are so wonderfully rendered as to well repay the closest study.

Another of the small groups is called "A Farnese Bull." Three men hold the powerful brute in check by reins fastened about his splendid head and horns. Although their utmost strength is needed to sway and guide him, he does not seem to be in a vicious mood, but perhaps indulging in a species of giant playfulness, unconscious of the doom that awaits him at the end of his journey. Two reclining female figures seem the rather to be amused by his powerful leaps, and the trouble he is giving his guides to make him accommodate his vast strength to the slight checks they are able to bring to bear upon it.

A large circular plate of bronze has a beautiful finished relief of

THE MADONNA AND CHILD.

An interesting shield and helmet of Henry the Fourth are shown—very intricately carved—and of great weight.

AMONG THE MAJOLICA WARE

is a dressing table of rare beauty supported by laughing cupids riding upon dolphins. Every variety of vase and dish is also shown in great beauty of design and coloring, in this material. Even stools with an odd selection of subjects to adorn their unyielding cushions, may be found.

IN THE VENETIAN DEPARTMENT

there are so many beautiful specimens of the far-famed and delicate glass work that it is hard to select any special object for description. The natural colors of leaves and blossoms in the frail glass flowers surrounding the frames and candelabra made of that material are very delicately shaded. In our last in the description of the Mosaics Table, having the fable of Romulus and Remus for a centre piece, the word printed "Fornernia" was written and meant to be understood as "Fornarina." We call attention to this error in type, because our extreme reverence for the "Old Masters" will not allow us to calmly submit to the implication of mutilating the softly-flowing rhythm of the name of Raphael's Love. Our venturesome *Diver* was also christened *Oliver*, and *Undine* metamorphosed into *Nordine*. Also we find our "Nargileh" turned into "Margeleh," just because we forgot to dot that "i." "How careful we should be in small matters," is a wise law—if we only can remember it!

To our descriptions—however, let us not pass unnoticed among the lesser works of art, the beautiful

LEGHORN HATS

of a fineness incredible, when the material is considered. Specimens of the unsplit straw, the braid in various stages of fineness are likewise to be seen. For picturesque grace commend us to those softly curving "beauties," the very poetry of head gear; suggesting beautiful eyes that alluringly gleam or dangerously flash from beneath the creamy shade of the wide rim. The many uses to which straw is applied in these latter days is surprising—even parasols and shoes were shown.

CURIOUS HATS OF WOOD

arrested our gaze. Not a great block, shaped and turned by machinery to the size of the respective heads needing such weight to balance them, (and these last are not so few as might be supposed,) but pliable, easy hats, made from fine splits of wood, elastic and light.

Just to see the paradoxes that our ever-growing knowledge of the qualities and nature of things brings about—now we make houses of *paper*, and hats of *wood*.

AUSTRALIAN EXHIBIT

(by which change of latitude, you will perceive we have slipped on our "wish cap,") there are so many things of interest that we may not easily find a specimen of superiority so marked as to entitle it to first place in our descriptive list, unless we choose the wonderful facsimile in plaster of paris and gilding, which it is said faithfully represents a

NUGGET

from the Melbourne diggins. Alas for the strict keeping of the Tenth Commandment when we see even the simulated counterpart of such an "Ophir's wedge," how can we help wishing we were "the neighbor" who possesses that unshapely, but glittering and potent monster? Alas for the vanity of human wishes!

The display of apples and pears in a well preserved state, is very large, and of great variety and size.

THE SOMBRE TINTED EMU,

with a number of its beautifully-tinted eggs of a dark-green mottled with tiny spots, is also to be seen.

A pretty fancy in silver and gold work is exhibited as a specimen of the advancement of the colonists in mechanical art. A real Emu egg is mounted in silver, and occupies the centre. A small golden Lizard is crawling upon it. Around are grouped in gold and silver the native ferns of immense size, (comparatively here of course), Kangaroos, emus, and many native plants and vines. The chasing is very delicate, and the contrasts of the polished and frosted silver, the gold and the dark-green of the egg in the centre, make it one of the most artistic pieces we have seen.

The glitter and softly shimmering lustre of the glass in the Austrian Exhibit attracts our eye. What an endless variety in tint and design is now comprehended under the term of

"BOHEMIAN GLASS."

Long ago, our experience was confined to the engraved kind, clear, red ground, with figures, vines, etc., in semi-opaque white. Now this variety is classed among the commoner kind, and only depends for merit upon the delicate shading and patient working out of intricate designs. We were kindly given much interesting information concerning the preparation of the newer, rarer kinds. The pale, clear blue, with white figures and tracery; the delicate shades of pink and green, with artistic leaves and arabesques of a clear golden-yellow; this last produced by the action of certain acids applied to the design traced. First we were told the utensil is blown in the shape desired, then the pattern is drawn upon it. The colors, when the exquisite figures and flowers are to be represented, are laid on, and while wet are exposed to heat necessary to permanently "fix" them. When gilding is introduced, a certain size is first applied then the gold leaf put on by means of a small brush of soft feathers, then the article is exposed to extreme heat and afterwards burnished.

The raised dots resembling pearls, are produced by an enamelling process.

The most difficult tint to effect with a desirable evenness, is a shade of green, which has a yellow shade mingled with it. It is needful to carefully watch for the proper degree of heat needed, and just at the proper moment blow the coloring matter evenly in.

There were some specimens of engraved clear glass, that underwent a double process, first on the upper and then the under side. The effect produced was very striking.

In the English Department there is an immense crystal chandelier with lustres and receptacles for candles of the number of seventy odd. We must not omit the mention of a

MEMORIAL WINDOW TO DICKENS,

in this department. The centre is occupied by an excellent likeness of the great master of fiction himself. Yet, withal, a sad picture to look upon; such deep lines of suffering we traced about the eyes and mouth. There are four panels else, two on a side. The first on the left represents

THE FLIGHT OF LITTLE NELL AND HER GRAND-FATHER.

The sweet, pure face of the child who dwells in our hearts with unfading, loving remembrance, is beautifully portrayed. The strange blending of womanly resolve and firm purpose, with the innocence of a spotless child, is distinctly brought out.

The second on the left is "Wackford Squeers at the Coach-office," and is very good. The first on the right is "Martin Chuzzlewit taking leave of Mary." The second on the right, below the last, is "Barnaby Rudge keeping guard at the Stable Door." On his finger is perched the Raven, who really existed in the person of the historical "Grip." To the many who mourn the silence of the voice that used so to reach their innermost hearts in its pathos and wonderful sympathy, this window will be an object of deep interest. What may be its destined place, we could not learn, but to us it seemed worthy of a place in that grand, old Abbey, where England's bravest and most gifted children sleep.

The sweet cuckoo voices of the clocks in the German department, reached our ears. They are unanimously of the opinion that it is two o'clock. What a rare convention they make! Each might claim to be a very belle among clocks, for finish and graceful ornamentation, not to mention great sweetness of voice; yet they agree so well in making their hourly announcements. For information sake, may we ask if they are types of the fair and plump "fraus" and "frauleins" of that steady kingdom? If so, what an admirable Arcadia it must be! Will good Kaiser Wilhelm admit a *few* undisciplined specimens from a foreign shore into his realm? If a favorable answer is returned to these queries *after* the Centennial is over, there will be an emigration scheme set afoot. Germany sends a varied and in many respects remarkable exhibit. In

MAPS AND BOOKS OF ALL KINDS,

she has most creditable specimens. Nor does she seem to have lost her ancient prestige as the "Mother of Printing," as the letter-press of the works we inspected would testify. To-day we may not linger in the miniature world, the Main building, for we have heard of the opening of the Japanese Bazaar, and of other interesting matter connected with some of the State buildings, that we are anxious to verify.

It is very convenient to pass through Machinery Hall. We have no inclination to leave this fascinating spot, but for reasons above given, may only spend a very little while in it to-day. There is an odd machine that always draws a throng of anxious spectators. We hear a busy clicking and can see a long yellow strip of paper going in at one end with a marvellous rapidity. We approach and find it is

AN ENVELOPE MAKER,

the common yellow or buff one being made. The strip of paper is fed in, cut in proper shape, by untiring and emphatic little thumps of the "steel fingers;" then on, in less time than it takes to write it, under a roller, to which is affixed a brush containing mucilage, and the different "flaps" receive their portion, passing on to the last section, where they are folded and ready for sorting.

THE SILK WEAVING

is shown in all its various stages. The Brazilian exhibit of this branch of industry is very completely illustrated—from the moths who produce the egg, on to the second stage, where the larvæ, which spin the cocoons, are shown; then these latter in great variety and of many tints; the silk as first wound in the hanks of the natural coloring; then the hanks dyed and ready for spinning. The machinery used for winding the silk is shown. In the American exhibit of this branch, the weaving is carried on. The favorite tri-colored ribbons, with medallion likenesses of "George and Martha," and views of the buildings, etc., are daily made and sold as relics to the curious in such matters. In the Woman's Pavilion this is also done.

As we pass the

JAPANESE BAZAAR,

its neatly arranged wares prove too strong an attraction for a passing glance; consequently, we "follow the multitude" inside the little bamboo fence—not, however, in the proverbial sense, but only to see. The many curiosities contained in the Japan Department in the Main Building, are, for the most part, repeated here in smaller variety and size, of course; but to judge from the steady outgo of China and lacquer ware, small bronzes, etc, and the proportionately steady income of "greenbacks," across the well-filled counters, to speak English—we know not what these bright-eyed, cheerful-faced merchants term them—this Bazaar matter is a success.

Behind the Kindergarten, which, as is generally known, is the annex of the Woman's Pavilion, stands the

COLORADO AND KANSAS STATE BUILDING.

It presents an impressive front, having a double dome as roof, first a large, and above that a small one. It is the most interesting of all the State buildings, from the great variety of exhibits within its walls. Fronting the entrance hangs an immense map of the two sections here represented. Above is a pastoral view of the country—a sturdy western farmer afield, ploughing the rich soil. Around it are ranged, in fan-shaped sections, specimens of the various grains raised, interspersed with raw cotton. These are bordered with ears of corn—golden, rich garnet color, clear white, and a rich orange. Below are placed the various fruits and vegetables, with here and there a giant pumpkin or squash. Stalks of corn, russet and crowned with teeming ears, are placed upright on either side. We are afraid to guess at the height of these stalks, but we have a sort of lingering doubt that Gulliver has returned from a late trip to the "Brobdignags," via Colorado and Kansas.

TROPHIES OF THE CHASE,

in the form of sullen bison heads, with horns of polished ebony, frown at us from the walls, while the cases around are filled with beautifully prepared specimens of the great variety of birds and water-fowl indigenous to this part of the "States." A tinkling murmur, as of "dreaming brooks," and a coolness as of "green woods," greets our senses; and on turning to the right as you face the entrance door, a woodland scene opens upon our astonished gaze. Are we suddenly transported to the Rocky Mountains? Here is a mountain; here a cave, a trickling rill and fresh green ferns and mosses. Great beasts stand grouped in strange harmony with their prey—their fierce, wild passions hushed. A quiet, modest little woman sits near, busily preparing for mounting some small owls. We inquire the meaning of this strange scene, and are told that this is the department of the

"HUNTRESS OF COLORADO."

It seems incredible to think that a woman unaided has done all this! That terrible grizzly, showing his formidable teeth, and extending those unpleasantly *affectionate* arms, could it be true that her hand was steady enough to give him a death-shot? Yet this is all true. This quiet, modest-looking woman, who blushes like a school-girl when her deeds are mentioned, not only killed the animals before us, but stuffed them, designed this picturesque arrangement and carried it out with the success that we behold—more than a

HUNDRED ANIMALS,

many of them of the large and most savage kind. The bison, black and grizzly bears; the congar, the moose, elk, many varieties of deer, with all the smaller animals, even to an American porcupine, and the innocent squirrels and rabbits are all here. And so with birds: the haughty eagle gazes down from a crag of the miniature mountain, stately herons stand poised in the most natural attitudes, beside the tiny pool of water, while all the lesser varieties are represented.

By special courtesy, which we thoroughly appreciate, we were permitted a few moments speech with the fair

HUNTRESS HERSELF,

within the zealously guarded ropes, that keep away the interested throng of visitors, who might otherwise seriously impede her work, for she is still busy with her smaller birds, and in consequence this prohibition of interviews had temporarily to be made. We found her quiet and unaffectedly frank in her manners, her only feeling, she told me, being one of great surprise to find herself an object of so much kind interest and wonder.

She had gone out to Colorado from Pennsylvania sixteen years ago, and by force of circumstances had found it necessary to hunt. A natural love of nature in all its various forms had prompted her to collect mineralogical specimens, grasses, flowers, etc., of which she has a large variety, beautifully classified and arranged.

Then she thought of collecting the different birds and animals, and having to use her own resources, learned to stuff them herself. A spirit of wild adventure seemed to have taken possession of this slight, womanly frame, and no danger of the chase seemed great enough to deter her.

"Were you ever wounded?" we asked.

"No," she replied, with a quiet smile, "but often chased by infuriated animals, and once or twice by Indians. Once I was taken for an Indian."

She has a steady, blue-gray eye, with a firm but also sensitive mouth, and a fresh, clear complexion, not greatly tanned, and not all at coarsened by exposure. Never let woman be called fickle of purpose or faint-hearted after such an example as Mrs. Maxwell's. Such royal courage and versatility of resource; true genius supplies and invents material to carry out its inspirations when there is a lack of things needed.

We next visited the Reception room and were courteously received by the Commissioner in charge. The various objects of interest were shown and all information desired freely given. Several fine Buffalo skins hung about the halls; the inner part painted in many curious designs, landscapes, heads, etc. One skin of unusual size and with a softness and luxuriance of fur we have never before seen, was exhibited as an especial proof of what Colorado could do, not only in the matter of "big bisons," but in superior tanning.

We were told that no trouble is now experienced by the settlers in regard to hostile Indians, the Utes being the only tribe about; and they are too cowardly and lazy to do any damage.

Reluctantly leaving so interesting a section, we paid on our way out a short visit to Agricultural Hall, passing the Southern Restaurant, with its cool verandahs and moss-draped supports. The long pendants of "grey beard," as Southern children call it, that wave from the boughs of the aspen, in front of this building, add to the scenic effect; and doubtless stir many a memory of "home" in the hearts of those who have wandered from their sunny land to these colder regions.

AGRICULTURAL HALL

loses none of its romantic appearance upon a nearer view. The situation is among, if not quite, the most beautiful in natural scenery of any of the prominent buildings. It has an arched roof, giving a Gothic and ecclesiastical effect upon entering. To the pastoral mind this is a delightful spot. The rich profusion of natural exhibits of the soil; the various grains and luscious fruits, make up a picture not likely to pall upon the taste. This is the only part of the grounds where wines, or indeed any spiritous liquors, are allowed to be sold. To this wise prohibition may doubtless be attributed the marked order that prevails—the safety in progress about the grounds, unattended, if it so please you, which we believe has never been realized in any similar Exhibition.

To the left of the main entrance is a fine display of

CALIFORNIA WINES,

tastefully as well as curiously grouped. Gigantic bottles grace the four-corners, and the bright coloring of the different brands adds to the effect.

In the Brazilian Department there is a noticeable display of

COTTON.

A small pavilion is entirely draped and festooned with the raw material; inside, in bags, with open ends, to show the different specimens of the product, Bahia, Maracaibo and many others being represented. Near the centre of the main aisle is a beautiful fountain, and on all sides the tasteful cases, with their varied contents, reflect its cool spray. This building, curious to say, is a special favorite with the little folks, and not a few of the larger children. You would never guess why, and so we will tell you. In one of the sections exhibiting lard, put up in patent cans, with a neat cover and handle, every one who approaches to notice it is presented with a tiny fac-simile of the can in tin. As a memento of the exhibition these are very pretty, and "so handy to carry with you," as we heard a gratified old lady from the rural districts remark.

A lesson might be learned from this small courtesy. We feel sure the proprietor has his fortune assured, if not before achieved—such kindly feeling does even a little, pleasant act promote.

We stayed to witness the lighting up of the grounds, which we witnessed for the first time. A world of Fairy Land opened upon us as the twilight fell, and the mellow gas-light, softened without by the evening gray, was reflected from point to point of the different buildings. In the Main Building, among the glittering crystal and flashing chandeliers, the effect was brilliant beyond description.

THE MOTHERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

The mothers of the Revolutionary war placed their own heroic stamp upon the actors in that mighty drama. A Connecticut matron sent forth her sons to battle, the youngest but fourteen years of age. Presently he returned, as he could find no musket.

"Go back, my son!" cried the American mother; "go into battle and take a gun from the enemy!"

"Alick," said Mrs. Haynes of North Carolina, as she equipped her son, a mere boy, for the battle of Rocky Mount; "Alick, now fight like a man! Don't be a coward!"

Just after the bloody fight at Hanging Rock, the venerable Mrs. Gaston was told that three of her sons were dead upon the field.

"I grieve for their loss," she calmly replied, "but they could not have died in a better cause."

Her grandsons were about her knees, and she would not shed a tear. The battle of King's mountain caused Cornwallis to retreat toward Camden. On the march he stopped a night on Wilson's plantation near Steel creek. The earl and Tarleton entered the house, and finding Mrs. Wilson alone, asked for her family. Husband and sons were with Sumter. Cornwallis endeavored by brilliant promises to win the good woman's influence for the king. He told her he had just captured her husband and eldest son, (which was too true,) and that if she would bring her family to the royal service, her loved ones should be liberated, and every man promoted to rank and power.

"Sir," said this mother of a mighty race, "I have seven sons now bearing arms; my seventh son, who is only fifteen years of age, I sent yesterday to join his brothers in Sumter's army. Now sir, sooner than see one of my family turn back from the glorious work, I would take these boys"—and she pointed to three or four little sons—"and enlist with them myself under Sumter's banner, and show my husband and sons how to fight, and if necessary, to die for their country!"

"Bring him in," said another as her only son was brought dead from the battle-field to her door. The shattered form was laid before her. "I see no wound—and she looked steadily into the noble still face—"I see only a glorified soul."

OUR BOYS GIRLS

Echoes from Fairy-land.

GOLDEN-HAIR.

So off he set, meekly mounted on a gray horse, and without even an attendant.

It would be useless to recapitulate his adventures until he arrived at the other Court, because he is, after all, only a mere gentleman. But you really must be acquainted with two or three little incidents which befel him.

He had halted one day, and tethered his horse, while he sat down in the cool shadow of an orange-tree and began once more to recite the speech which he meant to deliver to Golden-Hair the moment he saw her.

But this tree growing on the border of a pond, Gracilis could not very well be under it without being near the water in question.

Suddenly and without warning, a large carp, which had been leaping for flies, overdid it, and landed on the brink of the pond, where the poor creature began floundering and gasping in the agonies of death.

Gracilis picked up the carp and examined it. As he did so, the creature looked at him so pleadingly, as even a fish can look, that he could not take possession of it, and, stooping, he put it back gently into the water.

He was quite rewarded by the enjoyment the fish showed as it turned and rolled happily in the smooth stream.

But judge of his amazement, despite his experience of the magic spring within his dungeon prison, when the carp, once more approaching the edge of the water, opened its fish-like mouth and spoke.

"Gracilis," said the carp, who, in fact, was the Fairy Carpa, "I thank you much for the kindness you have done me; for, as a fish, and compelled to be a fish in all things for a time, you have saved my life. I shall not be ungrateful!"

Thereupon, the carp flipped round, and was gone!

On Gracilis went, having made his bow, and added two more days' miles to the length of his journey.

Upon the next, hearing a great noise in the air, he looked up, and saw an unfortunate raven trying to save himself from a great squarking eagle.

Another moment, and the raven would have looked sage for the last time, when Gracilis, full of pity, and dragging round his cross-bow from his shoulder, took aim, and the eagle, like many another, was toppled over.

"So may perish," thought Gracilis, "all the oppressors of the weak!"

But judge of his astonishment when the raven, instead of flying off with a satisfied "kwa," came and perched on a branch of the tree nearest the young diplomatist.

"Gracilis," said the raven, "I am sincerely obliged. Condemned for a certain time, now and again, to take the shape of a raven, and bear the risks of raven-life, I should certainly have fallen a victim but for your timely aid. And in wishing you good morning—for I really must get to bed—believe me that I am not ungrateful. Be good enough to allow me to introduce myself as the Fairy Neretta; not that I am an acquaintance of the evil Fairy Nera, who is quite as black as she is painted. But I am keeping you. A pleasant journey."

Gracilis said, "Good even, madam," and called upon his horse to proceed.

Two more days had been consumed in journeying, when one evening, as Gracilis entered a dense forest, his attention was attracted by a voice, which made this observation.

"Too-whoo! too-whoo! was there ever such an unfortunate tip-eared owl? Here have I, in spite of all my Athenian wisdom, been caught in the clumsy net of some common clown. 'Tis most humiliating; and even if I escape having my neck wrung, it is very clear I shall be put in a basket-cage, and sold to the next mere mortal with a chance obolus to pay for me. Too-whoo, too-whoo!"

Gracilis got out of the saddle, looked about, and after some pricking and scratching from the briars, he found the net which imprisoned the talking owl, and it need not be said he speedily set her at liberty.

"'Tis very singular," thought he, "that man is never contented unless he is injuring, killing, or imprisoning animals. 'Tis a strange world!"

Thereupon, lifting the owl out of the net, he opened his hand, and, with a great "Too-whoo," the soft-feathered bird noiselessly flapped her way to the first branch.

But, the next moment, the bird came back, and calmly perched herself upon Gracilis's left shoulder, and then wisely whispered as follows in his ear:—"My good young friend, I am the Fairy Minervetta, and ever since my most unfortunate mistress—after whom I was named, and who, perhaps, will be better known to you as Pallas Athene—ever since she was disestablished, I have not had the royal time of it to which I was accustomed in ancient Greece and noisy Rome. However, in spite of human stupidity and general miscomprehension of life, I have contrived to do some good in the years that have elapsed since my noble mistress was completely sent to the right-about. I trust my observations do not tire you?"

"Not at all," answered Gracilis, bowing profoundly with very considerable civility.

"Not too low, if you please, or you will tip me off your shoulder, and I find it comfortable. To continue—in fact, ever since poor dear Minerva was compelled to leave me in a comparatively desolate and deplorable world, there have been times when I am obliged to resume the shape in which I served my dear lady; as I daresay you have seen in her statues—for you are a well-informed personage—and, in that shape of an compelled to run the risks of that learned bird, and without the power to anticipate accident. Young gentleman, you have saved the Fairy Minervetta, and the world has still a reformer; for I should like to know what society would do without wisdom?"

"What, indeed?" said the nobleman, very civilly, but feeling quite sleepy nevertheless.

"I am not ungrateful," said the learned lady, "as I will prove."

Reaching the city, he put on a magnificent brocade dress, and went to Court, where his appearance at once procured him consideration, and his presentation of the heavily sealed and huge royal letter from his master procured him civil answers.

Well, this letter being taken to the King, and the royal person opening it, the royal lips read it to the Princess.

"I like the name Gracilis," she observed, "I very much like the name Gracilis; and, therefore, though I have determined never to marry the Prince, his master, nor, indeed, any royal suitor—for I wish a companion for a husband, not one who would look upon me as his chief servant and most devoted subject—yet, for the sake of the name of this ambassador, I will see him, and hear what he has to say. A very proper name."

Thereupon, Golden-Hair had herself dressed in flowing white, with the freshest wreath of jasmine about her head, and then, having seated herself upon her ebony throne, the dark color of which made her golden hair to appear still more suffused with light than it was by nature, she ordered the ambassador to approach.

"Gracilis," she thought—"'tis indeed a charming name."

Gracilis entered; and, for a moment, he was overpowered by the perfumes of the flowers, the glitter of the dresses of the courtiers, and the dulcet sounds of the orchestra of guitars accompanying girls' voices, soft and sweet.

But soon his wise and clear eyes sought the soft form of pure white seated on a plain black throne, and showered with golden hair: and, having no need to be told who the radiant creature was, he knelt to the Princess, and did homage.

"Rise," she said, in a silvery voice.

He did as he was bidden, and said, in a subdued voice, "So please your highness, I am the ambassador of the son of the Prince, my master, who loves you madly, for that he has seen your portrait."

"So I am told," replied the Princess, graciously, and in such a voice as the courtiers had never heard, albeit her accents were noted throughout the land for their gentleness.

"I therefore plead his cause. I come not with treasure and magnificence; for well he knows you are above all treasures and display, and hence he comes, through me, wooing as a beggar."

"Beggars speak for their own wants," remarked the Princess Golden-Hair. "If your Prince comes as a mendicant, why send me another to kneel for him?"

Poor Gracilis could say nothing. His only chance was to be loyal, and, in being so, he had evidently made himself appear stupid.

"If," said Golden-Hair, encouraging the abashed Gracilis with a smile which ought to make the very sun brighten,—"if the King and his son, the Prince, have thought out this plan of wooing me after the manner of a beggar, they have become very wise of late, for I remember me that when their first representative appeared at Court he was as fine as you are, and all the lords and ladies fell into raptures with the magnificent carriages he brought with him."

"So please your highness," said the ambassador, meekly, "the King my master takes care to grow wiser every day. He has learnt to appreciate your worth, as his son had been even compelled to adore you even by force of your lovely portrait."

"That he has become wiser since last I heard of him is certain," said the Princess, with another smile, and that moment the sun did shine out brightly; "for he has learnt how to choose an ambassador."

"Your highness is very good," said Gracilis.

"Unless, indeed, the envoy appointed himself," added the Princess, with a light laugh.

"He did!" said a voice in one of her pretty ears: "and, in the first place, was sent to prison for his pains."

The amazed Princess said nothing, but in thought she asked, "Who speaks?"

"The Fairy Carpa, whose life he saved. He is so good and generous! I am at this moment floating amongst your vase of goldfish."

Golden-Hair looked at Gracilis, and felt something go from her heart towards him.

Then another one said, "Sometimes you have thought all men are bad. He is not faultless; but he is worthy of you."

"Who speaks?" thought the Princess.

"I am the Fairy Neretta," replied the voice; "and, at this moment, I am in the body of the raven who is hopping about the room. He saved my life; he will give you long life. Marry him!"

Still the ambassador waited his answer. But she looked up at Gracilis. It was then she found something leap into her heart, coming from his.

"The wiser we are in the head," whispered a third voice, "the simpler we become in our wants."

"Who speaks?" thought the Princess.

"The Fairy Minervetta," responded the voice—"once the owl of the Goddess Minerva. He saved my life when caught in the net of ignorance. Do not let him go!"

"Gracilis," the Princess Golden-Hair said—here something leapt into the heart of the ambassador—"Gracilis, every man should be his own ambassador; and, since I never could marry your King, and you have come a long way begging, I give you my hand."

* * * * * * * *

Now there are some people who say that this tale means the Voyage of Life. That the prison means Doubt; the magic spring, Hope; that the Fairy Carpa means Floating Indecision; the Fairy Neretta, Black Thoughts; and the Fairy Minervetta, True Wisdom; while Golden-Hair means Lasting Peace.

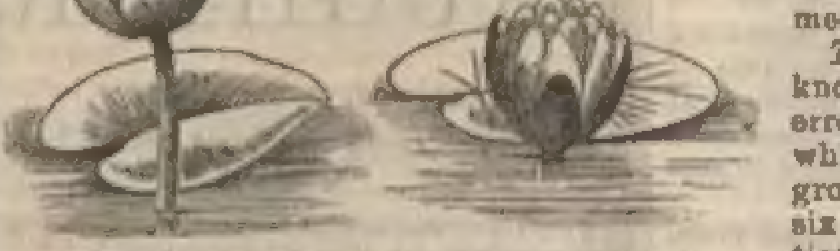
But you may look upon it all as an echo from Fairy-land, if it so please you.

WATER LILIES.

BY JAMES VICK.

"Those virgin Lilies, all the night
Bathing their beauties in the lake,
That they may rise more fresh and bright
When their beloved sun's awake.

Among the many beautiful flowers that adorn our world there are none more gorgeous than the Water Lilies. Those growing in tropical countries are wonderful both for size and beauty. Some of our readers will remember the sensation caused by the discovery of the great Victoria Regia, in the waters of the Amazon, something like a quarter of a century ago, with leaves large and strong enough to support a child. Soon this Lily was transferred to the conservatories of Europe and America. We have, however, to do with more modest beauties of our own waters.

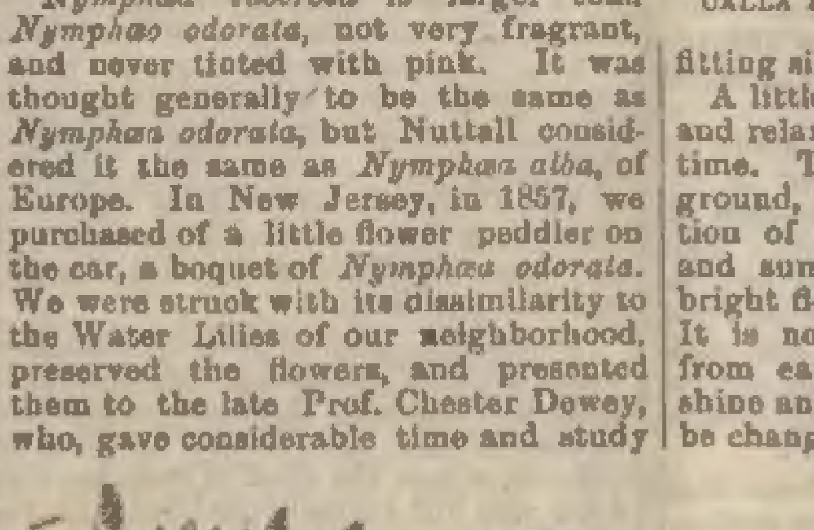


NUPHAR ADVENA. NYMPHÆA ODORATA.

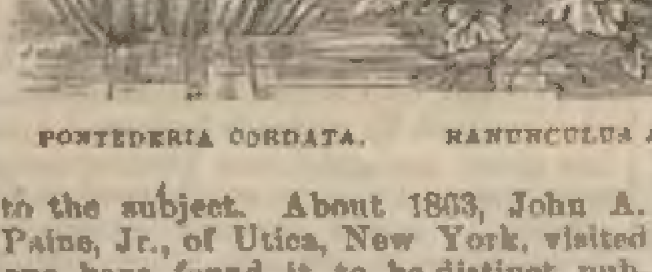
Nuphar advena is the common yellow Water Lily, that abounds almost everywhere, we believe, in our Middle, Northern and Western States. It is a showy flower, and stands well up from the water, on a strong stem, as shown in the engraving. While it adds much to the beauty of our inland waters, it is inferior to the white varieties.

Nymphæa odorata is the most beautiful of our native Water Lilies. It is usually as white as snow, though occasionally highly tinted with pink, and as fragrant as a Violet. It generally sits gracefully upon the water, though, in shallow places, the flower is sometimes borne above the surface. There are two varieties, one quite small, called *N. odorata minor*. The large one, we think, is seldom found west of the valley of the Hudson, though common eastward and southward.

Nymphæa tuberosa is larger than *Nymphæa odorata*, not very fragrant, and never tinted with pink. It was thought generally to be the same as *Nymphæa odorata*, but Nuttall considered it the same as *Nymphæa alba*, of Europe. In New Jersey, in 1857, we purchased of a little flower peddler on the car, a boquet of *Nymphæa odorata*. We were struck with its dissimilarity to the Water Lilies of our neighborhood, preserved the flowers, and presented them to the late Prof. Chester Dewey, who, gave considerable time and study to the subject. About 1863, John A. Paine, Jr., of Utica, New York, visited our bays, found it to be distinct, published a description in *Silliman's Journal*, and named it *Nymphæa tuberosa*. It bears, on the root-stock, numerous tubers, which are attached to the stock by a narrow neck.

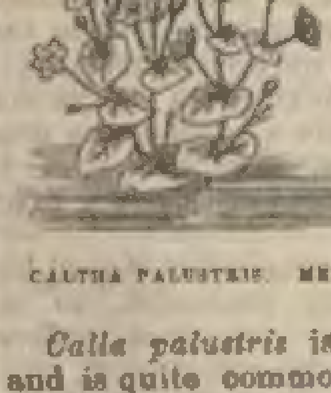


PONTEDERIA CORDATA. RANUNCULUS AQUATILIS.



CALTHA PALUSTRIS. MENYANTHES TRIFOLIATA.

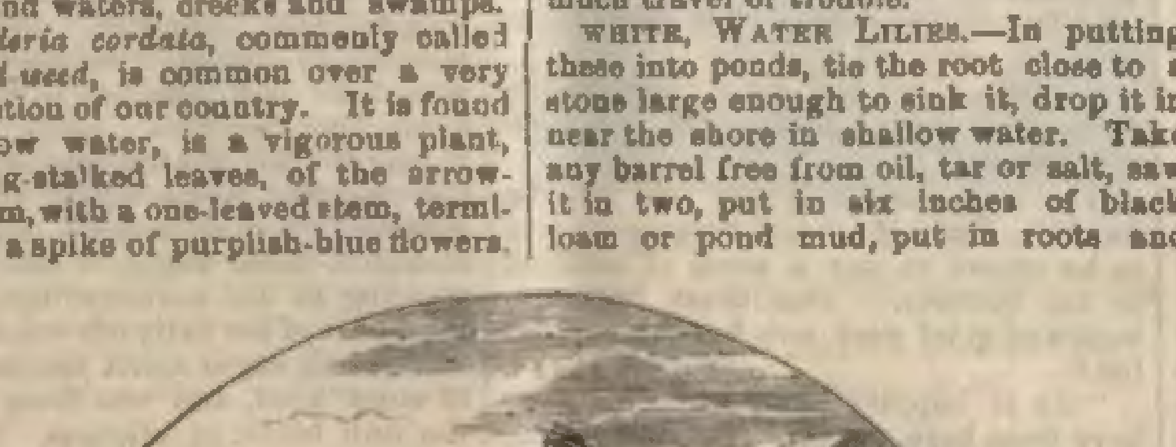
Calla palustris is our native Calla, and is quite common in many portions of the North, but not often found in this section. It is also a native of Northern Europe. The root stocks were formerly, we believe, garthered and eaten by the Indians, as they yield considerable starch. Our engraving will give a very good idea of the plant.



TYPHA LATIFOLIA.

Sagittaria sagittifolia. This is a very handsome aquatic, with arrow-headed leaves, from which its name is derived. It bears, directly from the root, large glossy leaves, which rise out of the water, and numerous delicate, white flowers, on a branched, leafless stalk. It is common in half the world. In China it is cultivated extensively for the bulbs, which are found in the mud, and which are said to constitute an important article of food. It is very common in all our inland waters, creeks and swamps.

Pontederia cordata, commonly called *Prickerel-weed*, is common over a very large section of our country. It is found in shallow water, is a vigorous plant, with long-stalked leaves, of the arrow-head form, with a one-leaved stem, terminated by a spike of purplish-blue flowers.



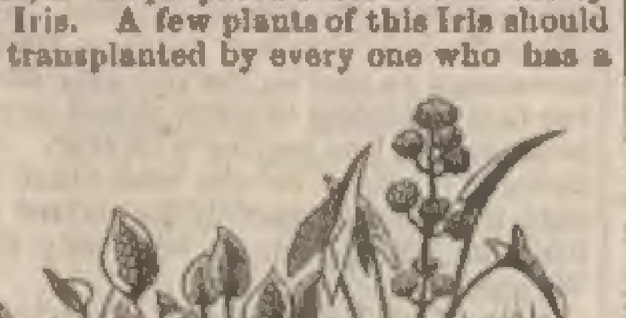
Ranunculus aquatilis is a beautiful little plant, particularly in foliage. It is called the *Water Crowfoot*. The flowers are white, borne well up above the water, while in clear water the effect of the underground stems or undeveloped leaves is very singular. This plant is relished by cattle.

Caltha palustris.—This, we think, every one will recognize as the well known Cowslip that housewives use in the spring for "greens," and which is often sold in our markets. It is found in marshes, but delights in the mucky soil on the margins of small streams. The flowers are large, and a very bright yellow; the leaves are large, glossy and heart-shaped. It is a native of Europe, Asia and America, but is more abundant in the Northern States than in any other section that has come under our observation.

Menyanthes trifoliata is one of the most beautiful of our aquatic plants. It is found in cold bogs all over the North, but happens to be scarce now in this vicinity. The leaves, it will be seen, are divided into three parts; the flowers are borne on a long-stalked recame; are pink and white, and delicately fringed. It is really a pretty plant. In old times it was used both for food and medicine.

Typha latifolia is the well-known Cat's-tail Flag, and often erroneously called Bullrush, which is quite another plant. It grows to the height of five or six feet, but it needs no description, as every boy who gets within sight of a patch will gather plenty of specimens.

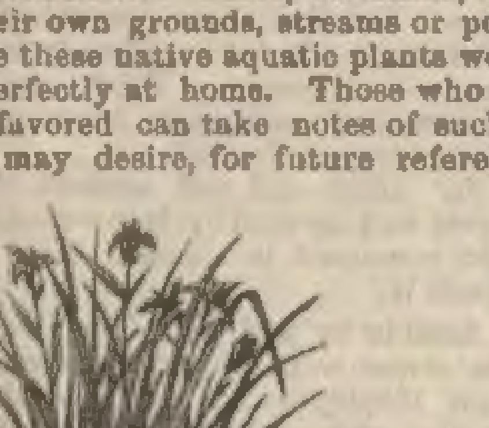
Iris versicolor.—Almost every one is acquainted with some of the garden varieties of Iris, but there are many who never saw our native *I. versicolor* flowering most beautifully on the banks of streams, in which situation our artist has truthfully shown it. The Orris root, so much used in perfumery powders, is the prepared roots of one variety of Iris. A few plants of this Iris should be transplanted by every one who has a fitting situation.



CALLA PALUSTRIS. SAGITTARIA SAG.

A little play, a few days of recreation and relaxation, is not necessarily wasted time. The Hyacinth bulb lies in the ground, aparently useless, a large portion of the year. For many months, and summer months, too, it bears no bright flowers, not even a pleasant leaf. It is not idle, however, but gathering from earth and air, and dew and sunshine and shower, a precious store, to be changed, by the mysterious alchemy of Nature, into gems of loveliness. In its own good time the stately spire will arise from the earth, bearing aloft its floral chime, more beautiful than the world's philosophy ever devised, or its highest art can produce. Let us, as Nature teaches, rest awhile from labor and care, if we too, like the flowers, have earned repose; and while we do so, lay up a little store of knowledge that will aid in making the future both pleasant and useful. It is easy to combine pleasure and instruction; indeed, we can hardly conceive of very great enjoyment from amusement that is not spiced, or at least slightly flavored with instruction.

Those who leave their homes for summer recreation usually fly to the cooling waters—the ocean shore, or the inland lake. It is not our province to speak of the wonders of the ocean, but we thought a few facts regarding some of the beautiful and yet common plants which abound in our inland waters, and which our friends will be apt to meet in their rambles, might prove to be useful, and render the summer vacation of a good many of our readers more pleasant and instructive. Some, doubtless, have on their own grounds, streams or ponds where these native aquatic plants would be perfectly at home. Those who are thus favored can take notes of such as they may desire, for future reference, while others will rejoice that at least occasionally, in their summer rambles, they can enjoy the pleasure of a water garden, and indulge in the study of our native water plants. The Water Lilies are not easily gathered for transplanting, from the deep water, but other plants which we have described so that our friends will be able to identify them, may be collected, generally, without much travel or trouble.



IRIS VERSICOLOR.

WHITE, WATER LILIES.—In putting these into ponds, tie the root close to a stone large enough to sink it, drop it in near the shore in shallow water. Take any barrel free from oil, tar or salt, saw it in two, put in six inches of black loam or pond mud, put in roots and cover one inch deep, fill with water and keep full. This is all the care they need; set it on brick or plank in any locality. Put in a cellar in winter to keep from freezing, and not allowed to dry up. For Aquarium, put in four inches of fine black loam, cover the roots one inch deep, then sprinkle on fine white sand enough to cover the loam: put in rock or shell-work to suit your fancy, and fill gently with water. By following the above directions there is no fear of failure.

THE BURDEN OF THE WIND.

Oh! wind, fresh wind of springtime,
What hast thou borne away?
A burden of light-wing'd moments
That hovered, and would not stay:—
The music of children's laughter
From meadows all dewy and sweet,
Where primrose-buds and cowslips
Are trodden by joyous feet.

Oh! wind, soft wind of summer,
What hast thou borne away?
A burden of love and longing,
The dream of a golden day;—
The murmurs of passionate voices,
The exquisite perfume pressed
From the heart of the rose that nestled
In the beloved one's breast.

Oh! wind, wild wind of winter,
What hast thou borne away?
A burden of mournful remembrance,
The sigh of the year's decay;—
The skeleton leaves of the forest,
Like drift from the chill snow wreath,
And the prayer of a soul that is passing
Into the shadow of death.

THE GATHERING TOGETHER AND ONWARD MARCH OF A GREAT REPUBLIC.

By A. H. WHARTON.

PART XXV.

WASHINGTON RETIRES TO MOUNT VERNON.

When Mrs. Washington declared, at the time of her husband's elevation by the united country to the office of the Chief Executive, that it had been her fondest wish and expectation to spend the residue of their days together, in the tranquil seclusion of Mount Vernon, she seemed to have expressed Washington's desire, as well as her own. It certainly was in joyful anticipation of this retirement, that he laid aside the cares of State in March, 1797. The celebrated "Farewell Address" had appeared, six months previously, in which it had been positively and clearly stated that Washington would decline any third nomination for the Presidency, adding that such a decision should not be considered indicative of any diminution of zeal for the future welfare of the nation, or of grateful respect for past kindness. This paper was composed by the President, and "re-dressed" by Alexander Hamilton and John Jay, at the request of the author, his expressed desire being that these words of farewell, of fatherly counsel, of congratulation and invocation of the Divine blessing upon the new nation, should be handed to the public "in an honest, unaffected, simple garb." So it came to the people, and was eagerly read by them; but later, when the great author of the address, and Alexander Hamilton, mute in death, was powerless to vindicate his former friend, a copy of the paper, in Hamilton's handwriting, found among his effects, was brought forward as a proof that the latter was the real author and Washington only reputed to be such. Although a refutation of this charge would seem unnecessary to all right-minded persons, John Jay has, in a letter to the Hon. Richard Peters, furnished one fully satisfactory. He, after alluding to the internal proofs contained in the document, states succinctly, that he and Alexander Hamilton were requested, by the President, to read over his draft, and make such alterations or amendments as they should deem adviseable. This they did, and as Mr. Jay says, from a certain delicacy about marring his excellency's paper and to avoid confusion, Gen. Hamilton made a separate copy, differing from the original in a few respects and those not essential.

Such is the history of the Farewell Address in Hamilton's chirography, about which so much has been said and written. Is any further indication needed, and aside from all formal proof, was Washington the man to intrust so important a task to another? Have not his stirring words on the eve of battle, and his farewell to the armies of the Republic shown us that, though a man not much given to speech, he could, when occasion required it, more effectually reach the heart of the people than any other writer or speaker of the time.

In February, 1797, John Adams was elected President of the United States, with Thomas Jefferson as Vice-president, and on the 4th of March succeeding, both were sworn into office. At this ceremony, in the Philadelphia Hall of Congress—a room on the north-east corner of Sixth and Chestnut streets—the President made his last public appearance. This scene is described by an eye witness, as one of touching interest. In passing to their seats in the Hall, Washington paused a moment to allow Mr. Adams, the new representative of the people, to pass on and take the vacant chair. Later, amid a heartless stillness, all eyes being fixed upon him, and there were few from tears, the retiring President pronounced the words of a brief valedictory with great composure, until near the close the voice of the people, weeping about him like children, reaching his ears, he broke down. A strange scene that to be witnessed in so dignified an assembly, and one that no person present could ever have forgotten. Heads bowed down in grief, like sheaves before a summer storm; the grand and dignified speaker standing before his audience, his countenance bathed in tears, while the new President covered his face with the sleeves of his coat to conceal his emotion. Irving says: "At the close of the ceremony, as Washington moved toward the door to retire, there was a rush from gallery to corridor that threatened the loss of life or limb."

The same evening a splendid banquet was given to Washington, by the principal citizens of Philadelphia in the amphitheatre, which was decorated with paintings, among them one of Mount Vernon, toward which goal of his desires its owner set out immediately with his family. This traveling party consisted of the General, Mrs. Washington, Miss Custis, and George Washington Lafayette, recently sent to this country, and now under the guardianship of his father's old friend; Eleanor and George Washington, Parke Custis, whose father's early death, shortly after the victory of Yorktown, had dimmed for Mrs. Washington the brilliancy of that happy period, had been instantly adopted by the General, who ever treated them with the tenderest care, bestowing upon them something akin to the love of a father. This grand-daughter of Mrs. Washington, Eleanor Custis, is described as brilliant in appearance and mind. Her portrait, at Arlington house, by Gibbert Stuart, presents a face of more than ordinary beauty, combined with ease, sweetness and sensitiveness of expression. Occupying the position of a daughter of the house, and fondly loved by Washington, we are told that Miss Nellie's witty sallies and unfailing spirits often causes his grave face to relax into smiles, which it was her chief joy to provoke. Her brother has left us a volume of Recollections of his adopted father, that present this great man to us in the familiar scenes of domestic life, and amply prove that he was loved by his own household quite as much as he was respected and honored by the world. While President of the United States, Washington's style of living had been as simple as was consistent with his exalted position; now he resumed with pleasure the quiet life of a Virginia gentleman, rising early to ride over his estates, whose superintendence was his pride and recreation. Always remarkable for his fondness for horses, he seemed more inclined to indulge in sumptuous surroundings in his stables than in his house. These are described as elegantly appointed, and models of order and cleanliness. Very strong was the General's attachment for those noble animals which had borne him through the battles of the Revolution. The horse ridden by him on the 19th of October, at the surrender of Yorktown, is described as a splendid white charger named Nelson, after the Governor of Virginia, his friend, one of the most devoted patriots of the time.

We occasionally read Washington's complaints of the irksomeness of those visits of ceremony paid by curious or interested persons to Mount Vernon, which finally led to his urgent invitation to his nephew, Lawrence Lewis, to make his home with him, and relieve him, in some measure, from the duties of a host. The frequent presence of this young man, the son of Washington's sister, Elizabeth, who so strikingly resembled him, conduced, in no small degree, to the formation of that attachment which culminated in a union between this favorite nephew of the General and the young adopted daughter of the house—a marriage eminently satisfactory to Washington.

There were, however, many dear and intimate friends who were sure of a hearty welcome at Mount Vernon. Among these was Colonel Henry Lee, always a prime favorite with his former commander. The following incident, which occurred during one of his visits, is related by Irving: Lee heard the General express his desire to obtain a pair of carriage horses, to which, with a daring that fills us with dismay through all these years, he replied: "I have a fine pair, General, but you cannot get them."

"Why not?"

"Because you will not pay more than half price for anything," was Lee's bantering reply, to which the General rejoined, without asperity: "Ah, Lee, you are a funny fellow; see, that bird is laughing at you!" referring to Mrs. Washington's parrot, perched beside her.

Although an habitually grave and reserved man, that Washington was capable of warm and intimate friendships, his relations with Robert Morris, General Nathaniel Greene, whose death in 1785 filled him with such sincere grief, and with the Marquis de Lafayette signally affirm. Nowhere does Washington's character, as a Republican and a gentleman of the old school, appear more beautifully blended than in his intercourse with the Marquis, who held a place all his own in the affections of this great man.

Life passed calmly and quietly at Mount Vernon, and in the full vigor of health and intellect, Washington seemed destined to enjoy a serene old age, when he was suddenly prostrated by a cold, contracted while making his usual tour of inspection over his farm. The news that plunged the entire nation in hopeless grief came with the terrible swiftness of a thunder clap. Men met each other in the avocations of daily life and said: "Washington is dead!" The senseless air bore the sound from one to another, yet they could not bring themselves to believe that the world was without this great spirit!

With the Christian fortitude that had supported him through life, Washington met the advances of death, and on the 14th of December, 1799, tranquilly breathed his last. His mortal remains found a resting place in that *home* of his *heart*—Mount Vernon—where all that he loved in nature would most fitly celebrate his obsequies.

Washington's eulogium has been pronounced, for all time, by Henry Lee, whose abilities and daring, as a military man, united with his brilliant gifts as a scholar and orator, rendered him worthy of a task so honorable. That comprehensive sentence, familiar to us all, and dear as household words—"*First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen*"—emanated from the heart and pen of Lee.

MEETING A GHOST.

Saturday night, when the rain was coming down the heaviest, between eleven and twelve o'clock, a lady living on Capitol avenue was awakened by the racket, and thinking that the outside door was opened, she concluded to get up and close it without disturbing her husband, who, she supposed, was fast asleep. So she quietly and carefully crawled out over the foot of the bed and proceeded to the hall. An unexpected object in the shape of a man who, clad in a garment of white, resembled a ghost, there met her astonished gaze. She gave half a dozen loud, shrill shrieks, which awakened the neighbors, and then sank upon the floor, almost overcome at the supposed apparition, which proved to be none other than her husband. He also had been awakened by the rain, and had slyly got out of bed without his wife's knowledge, before she had been aroused, and had gone to the hallway to close the door, beating her there by about a minute. He was almost as much surprised to meet his wife there as she was to meet him. Picking her up from the floor and relieving her of her fears, he escorted her back to bed, when a mutual explanation followed, and then peace and happiness again reigned in that family.

GRATITUDE is the fairest blossom which springs from the soul, and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant. While its opponent, ingratitude, is a deadly weed, not only poisoning in itself, but impregnating the very atmosphere in which it grows with fetid vapors.

A CENTENNIAL HYMN.

July 4th, 1876.

BY ELIZA S. MITCHELL.

Praise be to God, and countless thanks,
For what his hand hath done;
That where our fathers' toiled and sowed,
The harvest has begun.
Let lightnings flash and thunders roll
Their anthems to the sky,
The oceans wire will echo back,
"Glad tidings" in reply.

The net-work that surrounds the world
A living harp is made,
And through the whole broad earth, the wire
By lightning's touch is played.
Who saw, one hundred years to-day,
This miricle we own,
Or dreamed the lightning's tongue of fire,
Would speak from zone to zone!

Who saw the cable slowly wind
Its length from shore to shore,
Or knew a nation's heart would beat
Beneath the ocean's roar?
Who saw the power that flecks the seas
Triumphant in the air.
Or who to ride with whirlwind's speed
The iron horse might dare!

An hundred years—how long the wave
Seems rolling down the strand?
Joined to the Æons of the past,
'Tis but a grain of sand.
The nations of the whole broad earth
Are gathered here to-day,
And art and beauty joined to grace
Our nation's festal day.

And now as down the hill we gaze
With hope entwined with fear
Our children's children shall behold
New miricles appear.
New lights shall flash along the earth,
New powers may ride the air:—
To draw the heavy veil aside
What mortal hand may dare!

Thanks be to God, the way is paved
With sands of shining gold;
And Truth and Peace are linked with Love,
To guard our nation's fold.
O may another century shed,
Rich blessings on our land
And war'ared banner turn to dust
In gentle Mercy's hand!

BAFFLED!

BY

Mrs. HENRY WOOD.

[This story was commenced in No. 32, Vol 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXVIII.—[CONTINUED.]

Mr. Detective Strange had rarely felt surer of anything than he was that he should find Philip Salter in bed, and capture him without the slightest difficulty in his sick state. It was not so to be. Very much to his amazement, there appeared to be no sign whatever of a sick man in the place. The rooms were all put in order for the day, the beds made,—nothing was different from what it had been at the time of his previous entrance. Seek as he would his practiced eye could find no trace; nay, no possibility; of any hidden chamber. In fact, there was none.

"Where in the deuce can the fellow be?" mused Mr. Strange, gazing about him with a thoughtful air.

The underground places were visited with as little success; though the search he made was minute and careful. He could not understand it. That Salter had not been allowed time to escape out of doors, so rapid was their first approach, he knew; but, nevertheless the trees and grounds were well examined.

This took up some time. Ann Hopley had got her preparations for dinner forward, had answered the butcher's bell and taken in the meat; and by and by went across the garden again to cut two cauliflowers. She was coming back with them in her apron, when Mr. Strange met her, and spoke.

"I have a question or two to put to you, Mrs. Hopley, which I must desire of you to answer—and to answer correctly. Otherwise I shall be obliged to summon you before a magistrate and compel your answers on your oath. If you are wise you will avoid giving me and yourself that trouble."

"As far as answering you goes, sir, I'd as soon answer as be silent," she returned in a temperate but nevertheless injured tone. "But I must say that it puts my temper up to see an innocent and inoffensive young lady insulted as my mistress is. What has she done to be signalled out for such treatment? If she were not entirely unprotected here, a lone woman, you'd not dare do it. You told her the other day you were in search of one Salter; and you know that you looked in every hole and corner our house has got. And yet here, you come in, searching again!"

"It was not Salter, I suppose, who was ill yesterday; for whom Dr. Cavendish was telegraphed?" rejoined Mr. Strange significantly, having allowed her speech to run on to its end. "Perhaps you will tell me that?"

"Salter! That I'll take my oath it was not, sir."

"Who was it then?"

"Well, sir, it was no one you need have any concern with."

"I am the best judge of that. Who was it? Remember, I ask you in the name of the law, and you must answer me."

"The gentleman came down on a short visit to my mistress and was taken ill while he stayed. It frightened us out of our senses; it was a fainting fit, or something of that sort, but he looked for all the world like a man dead; and I ran off and telegraphed for a doctor."

The detective's eyes were searching Ann Hopley through and through. She did not flinch; and looked innocent as the day."

"What has become of him?"

"He went away again last night, sir."

"What was his name?"

"I did not hear it, sir. He was here but a few hours in all."

"Look here, Mrs. Hopley; if you will tell me where that gentleman came from and what his name is, I will give you five sovereigns."

Her eyes opened apparently with the magnitude of the offer.

"I wish I could, sir. I'm sure I should be glad to earn all that, if it were in my power—for I don't believe Hopley will be able to work overmuch longer, and we are laying-up what little we can. I think he came from London, but I am not sure; and I think he's going off to some foreign country, for he and my mistress were talking of the sea. She wished him a good voyage and a safe landing. I heard her."

The detective was frightfully at fault, and did not conceal from himself that he was. The woman seemed so honest, so open, so truthful, and yet he could have staked his professional fame that there lay mystery somewhere, and that the sick man had *not* gone away. Instinct, prevision—call it what you will—told him that the man was lying close to his hand—if he could only put that hand out in the right direction and lay it on him.

Mr. Detective Strange began to think that he should have to give it up again. Twice had he carried this fortress by storm to search at will its every nook and corner; and searched in vain. Armed with great power though he was the law, the law would not justify these repeated forcible entries, and he might be called to account for exceeding his duty. But the man was there—as surely as that the sun was in the heavens; and yet he could not unearth him. He began to think there must be caves underground impentrable to the eye of man, with some invisible subtle entrance to them through the earth itself—and perhaps a subterraneous passage connecting with Mr. Smith's abode opposite.

And so, the second search ended as the first had done—in signal failure. Once more there was nothing left for the detective but to withdraw his men and himself, and to acknowledge that he was, for the time, BAFFLED.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The autumn days were short now. The services had been short, and when St. Jerome turned out its flock, evening had set in. Some went one way, some another. Miss Blake went straight on to Foxwood Court, accompanied by Jemima Moore, when just as they reached the Maze, the gate was thrown open, and Mrs. Grey, her golden-hair disordered, herself in evident tribulation, came forth wringing her hands, and amazing Miss Jemima more considerably than even the whip had amazed the boys.

What she said, Jemima hardly caught. It was to the effect that her baby was in convulsions; that she wanted Mr. Moore on the instant and had no one to send.

"I'll run for papa," cried the good-natured girl. "I'll run at once. I am his daughter. But you should get it into a warm bath, instantly, you know; there's nothing else does for convulsions. I would come and help you if there were any one else to go for papa."

In answer to this kind suggestion, Mrs. Grey stepped inside again and shut the gate in Miss Jemima's face. But she thanked her in a few heartfelt words, and begged her to get Mr. Moore there without delay: her servant was already preparing a bath for the baby.

Jemima ran at the top of her speed, and met her father and aunt walking to Foxwood Court. The doctor hastened to the Maze, leaving his sister to explain the cause of his absence to Sir Karl and Lady Wynne.

Dinner was nearly over at the Court, when the doctor at length got there. The baby was better, he said: but he was by no means sure that it would not have another attack. If so, he thought it could not live; it was but weakly at the best.

As may readily be imagined, scarcely any other topic formed the conversation at the dinner table. Not one of the guests, seated around it, had the slightest notion that it was, of all others, most intensely unwelcome to their host and hostess; the one in his dread to hear the Maze alluded to at all; the other in her bitter pain and jealously. The doctor enlarged upon the isolated position of Mrs. Grey, upon her sweetness and beauty, upon her warm love for her child, and her great distress. Sir Karl made an answering remark when obliged; Lucy sat in silence, bearing her cross. Every word seemed to be an outrage upon her feelings. The guests talked on; but somehow each felt that the harmony of the meeting had left it.

Making his dinner off one dish, in spite of the remonstrance of Sir Karl and the attention of Mr. Giles and his fellows, the doctor drank a cup of coffee and rose to leave again. His sister, begging Lady Wynne to excuse her, put on her hat and shawl, and left with him.

"Are you going over to the Maze, William?" she asked when they got out.

"I am, Diana."

"Then I will go with you. That's why I came away. The poor young thing is alone, save for her servants, and I think it only a charity that some one should be with her.

The surgeon gave a grin of satisfaction in the darkness of the night. "Take care, Diana," said he with assumed gravity. "You know the question the holy ones at St. Jerome's are raising—whether that lovely lady is any better than she should be."

"Bother to St. Jerome's," independently returned Miss Diana. "If the holy ones, as you call them, would expend a little more time in cultivating St. Paul's enjoined charity, and a little less in praying with those two parsons of theirs, Heaven might be better served. Let the lady be what she will, she is to be pitied in her distress, and I am going to her. Brother William!"

"Well?"

"I cannot think what is the matter with Lady Wynne. She looks just like one's that's pining away."

At ten o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Summer took their departure, Sir Karl walking with them as far as the lodge. Lost in thought, he had gone out without his hat. In returning for it, he saw his wife at one of the flower beds.

"Lucy! Is it you, out in the damp? What do you want?"

"I am getting one of the late roses for Margaret," was the answer. "She likes to have a flower to cheer her when she lies awake at night. She says it makes her think of heaven."

"I will get it for you," said Karl, and he chose the best he could in the starlight, and cut it.

"Lucy, I am going over the way," he resumed in a low tone, as they turned to the steps. "I cannot tell when I shall be back. Hewitt will sit up for me."

Of all the audacious avowals, this sounded about the coolest to its poor young listener. Her quickened breath seemed to choke her; her heart beat as though it would burst its bounds.

"Why need you tell me of it?" she passionately answered, all her strivings for patience giving way before the moment's angry pain.

Karl sighed. "It lies in my duty to do what I can, Lucy: as I should have thought you might see and recognize. Should the child have a relapse in the course of the night, I shall be in there to fetch Moore. There's no one else to go."

Lucy let fall the train of her dinner dress, which she had been holding gathered round her, and swept across the hall; vouchsafing back to him neither look nor word.

* * * * * * *

The chamber lay in semi-light; with that still hush pervading it, common to rooms where death is being waited for and is seen visibly approaching. Mr. Moore's fears had been verified. The infant at the Maze had had a second attack of convulsions, and was dying.

It lay folded in a blanket on its mother's lap. The peaceful little face was at rest now; the soft breathing getting slower and slower, alone stirring it. Miss Diana, her hat thrown off, sat on her heels on the hearth rug, speaking every now and then a word or two of homely comfort; the doctor stood near the fire looking on; Ann Hopley was noiselessly putting to rights some things in a corner.

With her golden hair all pushed from her brow, and her pretty face, so delicate and wan, bent downward, she sat, the poor mother. Save for the piteous sorrow in the despairing eyes, and a deep sobbing sigh that would arise in the throat, no sign of emotion escaped her. She knew the fiat—that all hope was over.

The door softly opened, and some one came gently in. Absorbed by the dying child though she was, and by the surroundings it brought, Mrs. Grey glanced quickly up and made a frantic movement to beckon the intruder back, her face changing to some dread apprehension, her lips parting with fear. She thought it might be one who must not dare to show himself if he valued his life and liberty, but it was only Karl Wynne.

"Oh, Karl, he is dying!" she cried, in the hasty impulse of the moment—and the dry eyes filled with tears. "My darling baby is dying."

"I have been so sorry to hear about it, Mrs. Grey," returned Karl, who had his wits about him if she had not, and who saw the surprise of the doctor and Miss Diana at the familiarity of the address. "I came over to see if I could be of any use to you."

He fell to talking with Mr. Moore in an undertone, giving her time to recover her mistake; and the hushed silence fell on the chamber again. Karl bent to look at the pale little face, so soon to put on immortality; he laid his hand lightly on the damp forehead, keeping it there for a minute in solemn silence, as though breathing an inward prayer.

"He will be better off there than here," whispered he then to the mother, in turning to leave the chamber. "The world is full of thorns and care, as some of us too well know: God is taking him from it."

Pacing a distant room like a caged lion, was Sir Adam Wynne. He wheeled round on his heel when his brother entered.

"Was ever position like unto mine, Karl?" he broke out, anger, pain, impatience, and most deep emotion mingling together in his tone. "Here am I, condemned to hide myself within these four walls, and may not quit them even to see my child die! The blackest criminal on earth can call for his friends on his death-bed. When are that officious doctor and his sister going?"

"They are staying out of compassion to Rose" spoke Sir Karl in his quiet voice. "Oh Adam, I am so sorry for this! I feel it with my whole heart."

"Don't talk," said Adam, rather roughly. "No fate was ever like my fate. Heaven has mercy for others: none for me. Because my own bitter punishment was not enough, it must even take my son!"

"It does seem to you cruel, I am sure. But God's ways are not our ways. He is no doubt taking him, in love from the evil to come. When we get up Above there ourselves, Adam, we shall see the reason for it."

Sir Adam did not answer. He sat down and covered his face with his hand, and remained in silence. Karl did not break it.

Sounds by and by. The doctor and his sister were departing, escorted by Ann Hopley—who must see them out at the gate and make it fast again. Adam was bursting from the room; but his brother put his arm across the entrance.

"Not yet, Adam. Not until Ann is in again and has the door fast. Think of the consequences if you were seen!"

He recognized the good sense, the necessity for prudence, fierce as a caged lion though his mood was. The bolts and bars were shut at last, and Adam went forth.

In its crib lay the baby then, straight and still. The fluttering heart had ceased to beat; the sweet little peaceful face was at rest. Rose knelt by her own bed, her head muffled in the counterpane. Sir Adam strode up to his child and stood looking at it.

A minute's silence as deep as that of the death that was before him, and then a dreadful burst of tears. They are always dreadful when a man sheds them in his agony.

"It was all we had, Karl," he said between his sobs. "And I did not even see him die!"

Karl took the strong but now passive hands in his. His own eyes were wet as he strove to say a word of comfort to his brother. But these first moments of grief were not best calculated for it.

"He is happier than he could ever have been here, Adam. Try and realize it. He is already one of God's bright angels."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MAN'S CHARACTER.

We may judge a man's character by what he loves—what pleases him. If a person manifests delight in low and sordid objects, debasing song and vulgar language, in the misfortunes of his fellows, or cruelty to animals, we may at once determine the complexion of his character. On the contrary, if he loves purity, modesty, truth—if virtuous pursuits engage his heart and draw out his affections, we are satisfied he is an upright man. A man debased shrinks from association with the good and wise.

ONCE.

Cool, salt air, and the white waves breaking
Restless, eager, along the strand;
An evening sky and a sunset glory
Fading over the sea and land;

We two sitting alone together
Side by side, in the waning light:
Before us the throbbing waste of waters.
Behind us the sand heaps, drifted white.

Ships were sailing into the distance,
Down to the lands where the sun has gone;
The rough, fresh wind blew o'er our faces,
And the shadows of night crept slowly on.

It is a dream that I remember—
Some ghost of a hope that will come no more;
We two sitting alone together,
Hand in hand on the ocean shore?

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

(This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.)

CHAPTER XIV.

A FAMILY PICTURE.

The year drew to its close and society at Combhollow, which possessed something of that capacity for adapting itself to circumstances which is characteristic of society in wider circles, had got accustomed to the idea of Joshua Haggard's marriage; and, if not altogether reconciled to his union, had become, at any rate, resigned to the inevitable.

"It's a blessed mercy to Mr. Haggard that he's got a sister to look after his house and keep the furniture polished, and see that the bottoms of the loaves and broken peices don't get thrown to the fowls," remarked careful housewive's to each other in the friendly loquacity of the tea-table, "or else things would go to wrack and ruin altogether, I should think, with a young wife like that."

"And so pretty, too," sighed a matron, gently shaking the stiffest of caps, as if prettiness were a crime.

"Pretty and useless, no doubt, poor thing. And he seems so foolishly fond of her. I'm sure to see them out walking together you'd think they were sweethearts that had only just begun to keep company," remarked Mrs. Pycroft, of the First and Last, whose conversations with her husband after marriage had been chiefly of a didactic or argumentive character.

Once, and once only, had Joshua—whose style of preaching was more personal and familiar than that which obtained at this time in the Established Church, where the chaff of abstruse doctrine was but sparsely qualified with the grain of moral teaching and Gospel truth—approached indirectly the subject of marriage.

He had been quoting Richard Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted*, and, suddenly diverging from the theology of the preacher, enlarged upon the man and his life.

"It was in many ways a life of trial, yet in all ways a life full of blessing," he said; "nor do I count it the smallest of graces which Providence bestowed upon this great and good man that, at forty-seven years of age, he was blessed in the affection of a wife of three-and-twenty. He had come to that time of life without having ever known the sweetness of domestic happiness. But it pleased God that he should be the instrument of this dear girl's conversion, and that her heart should go forth to him who had brought her the message of salvation. There were some, perchance, in those evil days who were scandalised by this marriage; for it had been a part of Baxter's creed that for ministers to marry was barely lawful. But Heaven smiled upon this wedded pair, who were verily married in the Lord; and Baxter has told us that he found in his wife a helpmeet, a comforter in all his sorrows, the sharer of his prison, and always the helper to his joy."

Before the year was ended Naomi had become completely reconciled to her father's marriage. She had suffered faint thrills of pain just at first, when she saw Cynthia draw her chair near Joshua's, and perhaps sit with her hand in his, while he read the evening Scriptures. She had felt it just a little hard to see her father's eyes rest with such ineffable love upon the face of the stranger; but she had schooled her heart to submit to this loss—if loss it could be called—since her father was more affectionate to his children than he had been before his marriage. She had subdued all human jealously, and had taught herself to be glad that her father had won so fair and faithful a companion. There was something indescribably touching in the young wife's childlike affection for her husband, her intense belief in him, her unbounded admiration for his talents and powers as preacher and teacher, her implicit faith in his judgment. If flattery be a pleasant poison, Joshua was in a fair way to be poisoned by the sweetest of all flatteries—the exaggerated estimate which springs from womanly love. Love with a woman of this temper is but another name for worship; and Cynthia's love had begun in a spiritual idolatry which had set Joshua but a little way below the saints and apostles he had taught her to reverence. In a man so truthful as Joshua closer communion revealed no flaw, familiarity was not followed by disillusion. After two months of married life the husband still occupied the pedestal upon which Cynthia had elevated the man himself, her vivid and romantic mind began to find something wanting in his surroundings. The atmosphere of her daily life was depressing; The young eager spirit yearned for work of some kind, and was flung back upon the dull blank of idleness. She sighed for keener air, a wilder horizon, yet scarcely knew what she desired. She had secret aspirations for her husband, and rebelled against that commonplace trade which occupied one-half of his life—that buying and selling and getting gain, which seemed to her enthusiastic mind a practical denial of the Gospel which the trader preached on Sundays, the lesson which he taught his flock on weekdays. These divided duties, this solicitous service to a worldly master, struck her as out of joint with her husband's sacred character. To her, who had known no other church than this Dissenting community, and who hardly knew they were Dissenters, Joshua was as holy as if Episcopal hands had been laid upon him, and she was troubled by the incongruity between the trader and the priest. Yet, seeing that Joshua saw no harm in his calling, that he held honest trade as an honorable office she dared not lift up her voice in remonstrance, and accepted the shop as one of those things which, like Aunt Judith, were an inevitable element in her life.

Christmas brought cheerful thoughts and friendly relations between the minister and his flock. Presents rained upon Joshua at this season, and those stiff-necked members of his congregation who had lifted the nose at his marriage, atoned for their unfriendly feeling by the fattest of turkeys and youngest of geese. *Noel* was a season of much eating and drinking at Combhollow; and even Methodism forgot to be ascetic, and gorged itself with beef and pudding, with a riotous delight in the good things of this mortal life that would have made William Law's hair stand on end. The Established Church woke up from its comfortable doze, and sang carols on Christmas Eve; the ecclesiastical feeling for color displayed itself in sprigs of holly, stuck here and there in convenient places by the hands of beadle and pew-opener; and a dole of bread provided by the bequest of the virtuous dame Margaret Hawker, of this parish, was meted out to five-and-twenty poor women on Christmas morning. New bonnets, modelled upon the coal-scuttle of the period, were to be seen above the high oaken pews of St. Mary Magdalene, and enlivened the crowded congregation at Little Bethel. It was altogether a season of pleasant thoughts and general contentment, a season which seemed very sweet to Naomi, as she walked in the leafless woods with the lover who was soon to be her husband. Early in March, before the birds had pecked the crocuses to death, before the daffodils had begun their fairy dances in the windy afternoons, Naomi and Oswald were to be married at the grey old parish church. It was a wonderful thing to think of. Naomi was to be a great lady, and live at the Grange, and have that pretty morning-room, with its dainty bookcases, and neat duodecimo edition of the old poets, bound in white vellum, for her very own. She was to belong to the old squire and his son; the gardens and the park, where the cattle browsed, and the beautiful mysterious wood, with its glades and dells and lopsided old trees, and knolls and thickets, which one could never quite know by heart, were to be hers—a part of her life, inseparable from all her future years.

"You will let me go to chapel, Oswald?" she asked earnestly; "you will never try to keep me away from Little Bethel?"

"My dearest, I would rather go there with you than hinder your going. You shall be free, my dear. These things are more to you than they are to me. It would be hard if I were to oppose my prejudices to deep-rooted faith. And who shall say whether John Wesley's creed is right or wrong? It is a comfortable doctrine most assuredly that sin brings us closer to Christ, and that the deeper we sink in the mire the nearer we are to the stars."

"Oh, Oswald, you don't undersand. It is our consciousness of sin that brings us the Fount of grace, not the sin."

They were very happy at this Christmas-tide. It was one of those green yules to which popular predjudice accredits the filling of churchyards, although the *Times* obituary goes far to prove the good old-fashioned Christmas, with his icicle diadem and his mantle of snow, Death's sterner coadjutor. Blackbirds were merry in the woods at even-song, and mistaken dog-violets struggled into untimely bloom under the shelter of tall hedges. Oswald dined with his father upon the great festival, and, as soon as he decently could do so, stole away from the firelit dining-room, leaving the old squire asleep in his big arm-chair, where he would in all likelihood slumber peacefully until bed-time, when he would awake with wonderful briskness to go his round of the lower chambers, and see that every bolt was duly drawn against thieves and burglars, for although half a dozen spoons and forks and a pair of salt-cellars with corpulent bodies and attenuated legs comprised the utmost display of silver that ever decorated the Squire's table, there was a goodly store of old tankards, venison-dishes, soup-tureens, and smaller plate stowed away in the great oak closet in old Mr. Pentreath's bed-room.

Oswald walked straight to the minister's house—but not quite so fast as he had been accustomed to walk in the same direction. The air was wondrously mild; the western sky a pale primrose; the wooded horizon-line bluer than it is wont to be. It was a winter twilight that might tempt a man to linger, and Oswald was full of thought. Early in March—so soon—for him as for Naomi, that approaching marriage was an event to be contemplated with wonder, almost with disbelief. His apprenticeship, which at the beginning had seemed to him as long as Jacob's, was nearly ended. His patience and truth and constancy were to have their reward.

"Dear girl!" he said to himself, thinking of his betrothed. "She is the best and noblest of women; where could I find so perfect a wife? I do not believe there is a flaw in her goodness. I always feel myself a better man when I am with her. Yes, that is what a wife ought to be."

And then in his low legato tones he repeated those familiar lines of Wadsworth's:

A perfect woman, nobly planned—

from a poem which seems to concentrate in thirty lines all that can ever be said or sung in praise of womankind.

He could see the ruddy firelight shining in the minister's best parlor as he came round the bend of the road. It was tea-time, and they were all assembled there, no doubt—Aunt Judith in her best gown, which was such an excellent fit across the chest as to be faintly suggestive of a strait waistcoat; Naomi sitting in her favorite corner with the red light flickering upon her glossy hair, and those deep dark eyes of hers full of grave thought; and on the other side of the hearth that child-like face and figure, the very type of innocent and guileless maidenhood, his idea of Goethe's Gretchen, nestling close to Joshua's side, looking up at him now and then with worshipping eyes.

Oswald saw the family scene from afar off, as if it been a mirage-picture. He turned the handle of the door and went in. The passage was dimly lighted by an oil-lamp. He knocked at the parlor door, by way of ceremony, and the minister's deep voice bade him enter. Yes, the scene was just as his imagination had showed it to him—Aunt Judith seated at the tea-board, the old brown Bible at Joshua's right hand, Cynthia's fair hair looking like palest gold in the uncertain light, Naomi's dark head drooping thoughtfully, Jim screwed as close as possible to the fire, stooping to roast chestnuts between the bars—a peaceful home picture. They all looked up and gave him welcome, but Naomi's gratified smile was worth all the rest.

"I did not think you would be able to come," she exclaimed.

"Luckily for me, my father indulged in a heavier dinner than usual and fell asleep immediately after it. But I should have contrived to come under any circumstances. I hope I am in time for a cup of your excellent tea, Miss Haggard? It is not everyone can make such tea as yours."

"Everyone hasn't been making tea in the same pot for five-and-twenty years," replied Aunt Judith, obviously mollified by this complaint. "You want to know your pot and to know your tea if it's to be worth drinking."

Miss Haggard dispensed the beverage with an abnormal stiffness peculiar to festive occasions and best gowns. Social gatherings of a cheerful nature did not induce Aunt Judith to unbend. On occasions of this kind she assumed a spinal inflexibility which, in her mind, was the surest indication of a virtuous bringing-up and a polite education. And this backboard politeness was accepted at Combhollow, where Miss Haggard was considered "quite the lady."

"I don't know what's coming to the women in this place," said Aunt Judith presently, when there was a pause in the conversation, "but I think they must have set their hearts on spending money one against the other. I counted four new bonnets in chapel this morning, without counting Mrs. Spradgers's, that had been fresh trimmed, and she only had it in October, for I sold her the ribbon for it—a lovely maroon with an orange spot."

"I hope you had something better to do in chapel than count the new bonnets and think badly of your neighbors, Judith," remonstrated Joshua.

"I've got eyes in chapel as well as out of chapel," answered Judith, "and there's times when the most serious-minded Christian can use 'em—while the hymn's being given out, for instance; our time's our own then, I should think. All I can say is, that if milliners' made-up bonnets—drawn silk trumpery that one heavy shower will spoil—don't bring Combhollow to ruin, nothing else will. There's Mrs. Flitton, that I've sold many a serviceable straw to in days gone by, decked out in a velvet cottage with a bird of Paradise from Barnstaple. It was luxury of this kind that led to the French king losing his head when we were young folks, Joshua. I've heard you say as much many a time, so don't deny it."

"If you thought less of your neighbors' shortcomings, Judith—"

"I can't help thinking of them when I've got fourteen straw bonnets, best quality, left out of last summer's stock. The shape will be old next year, I dare say. Fashions change so quick now-a-days. I shall have to sell 'em to the servant girls, half price."

"How you do worry about a few shillings, aunt," cried Jim in a disgusted tone. "We make more on our side of the shop in a day than you can lose on your side in a week."

"Thank you, Mr. Pert. When your father loses money by *my* department I hope he'll tell me so. I haven't heard of it yet."

"Then why do you make such a fuss about half a dozen straw bonnets? You *said* you were going to lose by 'em."

"If I lose by my bonnets I shall come home upon my ribbons, you may be sure, Mr. James; and when you know the grocery business as well as I know the drapery you may take me to task, not sooner."

"We won't talk any more about the shop this evening, Judith," said Joshua. "We may be too assiduous in business."

"The Bible tells us not to be slothful," replied the aggrieved Judith, "but I dare say it vexes Mrs. Haggard to hear such talk. She'd have liked to have married a bishop, with his carriage and pair."

This was a hit at Cynthia's dislike to the shop, which the girl had revealed involuntarily upon one or two occasions.

"I should be glad if my husband had nothing to distract his thoughts from his chapel and his schools," answered Cynthia. "Any man can keep a shop. It seems a hard thing that his time should be taken up with selling groceries."

"Does it seem a hard thing that he's got a comfortable home and money in the bank, and a fortune to give his daughter?" demanded Aunt Judith. "He wouldn't have got those out of Little Bethel."

Cynthia sighed. It seemed to her that it would have been a far happier life to have wandered with her husband from village to village, tending him and comforting him in his pilgrimage, than to lead this prosperous life in a settled home, where there was so much to draw his mind away from his great work. And was it for the sake of a substantial house and daily food, for money heaped up in the bank, that the teacher consented so to limit his sphere of usefulness—nay, in a manner to hide his light under a bushel? Naomi had talked to Cynthia of that missionary life which seemed so glorious to her, and the younger girl had caught the enthusiasm of the elder. She felt as if her husband's true vocation lay far away beyond the wide strange seas among the races that had never heard of the Christian's God.

Happily for household peace upon this festive occasion the clearing away of the tea-things, and the retirement of Judith to wash them, put an end to a discussion that had tended towards unpleasantness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FLOWERS.—Those who love to grow flowers for their own sakes are on the whole happier and better people than those who do not. There are, of course bad people who have flowers, and good people who have none; but we refer to the general tendencies of things. Anything therefore that will encourage people to grow flowers is a gain all round.

WEAK LUNGS AND SENSITIVE THROATS are severely tried by the sudden changes of temperature occurring during our winters, and in consequence *Asthmatic Affections, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pleurisy, Bronchitis, and similar complaints*, are sure to be more or less prevalent. Coughs and Colds, the forerunners of these often fatal complaints, should be prudently taken in hand on the first symptoms, by resorting at once to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, an old and well-tried remedy, certain to remove your Cold, and to exert a healing and strengthening effect on the Pulmonary and Bronchial organs.

FACETIÆ.

A CLERGYMAN said the other day that modern young ladies were not daughters of Shem and Ham, but daughters of Hem and Sham, compounds of plain sewing and make-believe.

AFTER-DINNER criticism: Guest (who had a pleasant evening, will just have a look at his host's pictures before he goes)—"Yesh—hic—like tha' pictsh'rs! Fi' landsch'pe! 'Like the treesh! 'Branches wave 'bout s' nash'rall!!"

MARK TWAIN, speaking of a new mosquito netting, writes: "The day is coming when we shall sit under our nets in church and slumber peacefully, while the discomfitted flies club together and take it out of the minister."

"HENRY," she said, "you don't know what a soothing influence you have on me." "My darling," he whispered, softly, while a glad light came into his eyes, "can it be so?" "Yes," she said; "when you are around, I always feel like going to sleep."

"BOYS," said the teacher, holding up her right forefinger to make the scholars attentive, "what is Indian meal composed of?" And a little boy in the back seat, who wore patched trousers, got up and said, "Please, ma'am, roast missionaries."

THEY had a small back room on the eighth story of a Philadelphia hotel, and about two o'clock in the morning the poet awoke, and, punching his wife in the back, pathetically exclaimed: "Clotilda, darling, I'm troubled by the demon of unrest." "Sidney Lanier," she nervously replied, "get up and strike a light this instant; perhaps it's bugs."

KISSES.—
My love and I for kisses played—
She would keep stakes, I was content;
But when I won, she would be paid—
This made me ask her what she meant.
Quoth she, "Since you are in this wrangling vein,
Here, take your kisses; give me mine."

AT the Centennial the Philadelphia ladies cry out, "Isn't it cunning?" New York ladies, "How superbly lovely!" Boston ladies, "Ah, how exquisite!" Louisville ladies, "Beaut'ful, fo' shuah!" Chicago ladies, "Oh, my—I wish I owned that!" while the genuine Yankee girls from the rural districts exclaim, "Gee-whimminy, but ain't that 'ere a stunner, now!"

A CHARMING little incident happened at a tea party to the blind given the other night in the East of London. The chairman introduced a reverend gentleman to the audience with the statement that he prepared either to sing to them or to make a speech, according to the bent of their inclination. The reverend gentleman forthwith began the speech and after he had proceeded to some length stopped, and said in a genial manner, "Now, my dear friends, as our chairman said, I am willing either to continue my speech or to sing to you. Which shall it be?" And all the blind men and women in the hall lifted up their voices and cried, "Sing!" So he sang.

A FAMILY ROMANCE.—Jones would go out evenings on a little spree, which he endeavored to conceal from his wife. In this he succeeded well for a time, but at last her suspicions became aroused. She watched his movements when he came home for three or four evenings, and thus became doubly sure that her suspicions were not without foundation.

He would enter the room very cautiously at night, then set himself down on a chair by the bed, and disrobe himself, and quietly slip into bed—and all this was done in the dark.

Mrs. Jones concluded she would set a trap for him. She moved all the chairs away from the place he usually sat down, and in the place put a washtub filled with water. She then retired, and was soon in the land of dreams.

Surely enough, at a late hour Jones came home, and as usual attempted to sit down on his accustomed chair but he landed in the washtub, and after many unsuccessful attempts rolled out of it and upon the floor. The noise awakened Mrs. Jones who then gave a terrible scream, and after calming down asked him what was the matter. The following was his answer:

"Carrie—(hic)—tidal-wave—(hic)—swim out—(hic)—You're over your—(hic)—head. Let's go—(hic)—on shore."

Jones evidently thought he was shipwrecked. But the next morning he and Mrs. Jones were seen taking the pledge and buying a new carpet.

THE SISTER WITH THE SCISSORS.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, in his new book, says all the stories told of Dr. Gill are somewhat grim. He could not come down to the level of men and women in the common order so far as to be jocose, and when he attempted to do so he looked like Hercules with the distaff, or Goliath threading a needle. When he verged upon the humorous, the jokes were ponderous and overwhelming, burying his adversary as well as crushing him. It is said that a garrulous dame once called on him to find fault with the excessive length of his white bands.

"Well, well," said the Doctor, "what do you think is the right length? Take them and make them as long or as short as you wish."

The lady expressed her delight; she was sure her dear pastor would grant her request, and therefore she had brought her scissors with her, and would do the trimming at once. Accordingly, snip, snip, and the thing was done, and the bands returned.

"Now," said the Doctor, "my good sister, you must do me a good turn, also."

"Yes, that I will, Doctor. What can it be?"

"Well, you have something about you which is a deal too long, and I should like to see it shorter."

"Indeed, dear sir, I will not hesitate," said the dame; "what is it? here are the scissors, use them as you please."

"Come then," said the pastor, "good sister, put out your tongue."

OLD-TIME AMUSEMENTS.

Of amusements there was little variety in the olden time. Some of the domestic industries were turned to good account for purpose of pastime; and the husking match, the quilting-bee, and the apple-paring gave the young people ample opportunity for the play of pleasant feeling. The "raising" was made a half-holiday for the men of all the neighborhood. Fencing was a manly accomplishment, and had its teachers in the cities and large towns. The ladies gave coffee-parties of an afternoon; and a dinner-party of the elect was a very grand affair.

The public ball, with the graceful minuet and the stately contra-dance, seems to have been the favorite form of demonstration in honor of festive anniversary and distinguished guest. When on one occasion when La Fayette was in Baltimore, on his way to the "front" at the South, a ball was tendered to him. "Why so gloomy at a ball?" asked some belle of the evening, who had been struck with the soberness of the young French nobleman. "I cannot enjoy the gayety of the scene," was his reply, "while so many of the poor soldiers are without shirts and other necessaries." "We will supply them," was the impulsive reply of the assembled ladies, who met next day to make up clothing for their suffering defenders. In this and other ways, the mere pleasure-seeking spirit of even those troublous times often met a just rebuke and was turned into wiser channels.

MANY people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on ready-made with womanhood and manhood; but day by day, here a little, and there a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail.

WOMANHOOD.—Prof. Blackie in a recent lecture said: "A woman is naturally as different from a man as a flower from a tree. She has more beauty and more fragrance, but less strength. She will be fitted for the rough and thorny walk of the masculine professions when she has got a rough beard, a brazen front, and hard skin, but not sooner."

AUNT PATTY'S CENTENARY PAPERS.

I was takin' of my arter-noon nap in my great cheer (don't say nothin bout it, 'cause it's jist as well tu have yer friends think that ye don't git to sleep unly on the rarest occasions, and then yer sure tu be rispected) when Malviny busted in, "O, Aunt Patty!" ses she, "how onladylike I was to distarb—"

Ses I, "Mandy Malviny du ye mean to insinuervate that ye caught yer Aunt Patty nappin', when its goin' on a hundred year and more sense any parson ever ketched her a forgittin of her intellectual capassities so fur as the rillapse into that oncounscious state, in the light uv day?"

Ses she, "I du hope ye'll forgive me but I cum up in a special manner for Mr. Jinkins. He'd be so delighted ef you'd cum down and 'sist us a leetle, Aunt Patty, we're in sech a dilemmy."

Mr. Jinkins is the young man I telled ye ou tu a provis epistol, and I railly didn't know how to refuse the young creetur, so I tuck Malviny's arm and perceded tu go, and on the way I ses tu Malviny, ses I, "Ef ye won't be jealoust, ner nothin, I'll jest obsarve that I ruther approve ov that young man Jenkins."

"Du ye, now, aunty?" ses Malviny, and she jist up and smacked me on the cheek 'thout further comets.

Wal, arter I got down there, what du ye think they axed me tu du, but tu go show in ov em how tu go through with the *minuee de la koor!* They was under enstrtruction, see they, but the master didn't railly seem tu understand it hisself. So your Aunt Patty—an edged old lady though she be,—was lected tu teach a dancin' skule; and I was kinder sorter glad tu be able tu help them air children out uv their diffikilty.

Yu see when I was a gal, I went tu York tu spend the winter. A long time ago, when Wall Street was nothin but a wall, Aunt Katurah Smith, she Cicoroed me round, and, landy Goshen! the sights I seed I haint got no time tu rilate. Suffice it tu say that among other complishments tu numerous to mention, I was fooly qualified for the present toocassion, and the way I flaxed them creetures round was a caushin!

Charrie sot up ontu the pianner-stule, and made a dismalish racket, and I made em keep time tew it. In the fust place they made a perfound reverence to the arjence; then tu one nuther; then they cum forard, and then side ways. Arter awhile they cum up tu each other agin, and then they shied off; and they kinder kept in moshin all over, gracefulish like, till we couldn't stand it no longer, and then we all sot down and eenemost died a larfin'.

Ses I "Mallie, my gal, ye must wear an old-fashioned gownd that ye can kerflumux round in, and du yer hair up ontu a cushin, and powder it in the purty way they did in Cullunnial times, and ye've got a kind heart, and that gives ye a graceful demeanyer. And Mr. Jenkins ye must dress like a gentleman of the old skule, and I've no doubt ye'll succeed, fer ye have the dispusition uv one, and that's jest what ye need tu dance the *minuee.* It's nothin' more ner less than a way of expressin what there is true and galiant in yer nater."

And them's my partin words tu em, and arter awhile I had the happinest tu hear that my pewpils was the unly couple that danced the thing cording to the science. The rest of 'em, praps, might a done better a gallupin, or in keydrils, or like as not a piratin of themselves a round, er in them air round dances, but Jinkins and Malviny alone had in them the material for the *minuee de la koor.*

Yer most obejent sarv't
AUNT PATTY.

COINS OF THE WORLD.

The following is the value in round numbers in cents of our currency of the coins of the world:

Australia—Gold, pound 532, sovereign 485.

Austria—Gold, ducat 228, sovereign, 675, crown 664. Silver, old dollar 102, old scudo 104, old florin, 51, new do. 48; new dollar 72, Maria Theresa dollar 102.

Belgium—Gold, 25 francs 472; silver, five francs 98.

Bolivia—Gold, doubloon 1559; silver, dollar 79, half dollar 39.

Brazil—Gold, 20 milreis 1,090; silver, double malreis 102.

Central America—Gold, 2 scudos 368; silver, dollar 100.

Chili—Gold, doubloon, 1550; ten pesos 915; silver, old dollar 108, new do. 98.

Denmark—Gold, ten thaler 790; silver, two regisdaes 110.

Ecuador—Gold, four escudos 765.

England—Gold, pound or sovereign 486, do. average 484. Silver, shiling, new, 23, do. average 22.

France—Gold, twenty francs, new, 385, do. average 384; silver, five francs 98.

Germany—Gold, ten thaler 790, krone 664, ducat 228; silver, old thaler 72, new do. 73, florin 65.

Greece—Gold, twenty drachms 344; silver, five drachms 88.

Hindostan—Gold, Mohur 708; silver, rupee 46.

Italy—Gold, twenty lire 384.

Japan—Gold, old cobang 444, new do. 357; silver, it-zebu 37, new do. 33.

Mexico—Gold, doubloon average 1552, new do 1561; silver dollar average 106, new do. 107.

Naples—Gold, six ducati, 504; silver, scudo 95.

Netherlands—Gold, the guilders 399; silver, two and a half guilders 103.

New Granada—Gold, doubloon, Bogota 1561, do Popayan 1537, ten pesos 967; silver, dollar 97.

Peru—Gold, doubloon 1555; silver, dollar, old, 106; do. of '58, 64; half do. 38.

Portugal—Gold, crown 589.

Prussia—Gold, ten thaler 797, crown 664; silver, thaler, old, 72; do. new, 73.

Rome—Gold, two and a half scudi 260; silver, scudo 105.

Russia—Gold, five roubles 397; silver, roubles 79.

Spain—Gold, 100 reals 465, 80 do. 386; silver, pistereen 20.

Sweden—Gold, ducat, 223; silver, rix dollar 111.

Tunis—Gold, 25 piastres 299; silver, five piastres 62.

LET no man be too proud to work. Let no man be ashamed of a hard fist or a sunburnt countenance. Let him be ashamed only of ignorance and sloth. Let no man be ashamed of poverty. Let him only be ashamed of dishonesty and laziness.

POSTSCRIPTS.

—The Leipsic bookseller, Minde, publishes a pamphlet which predicts the end of the world on August 23, 1876. At the same time he announces that retail dealers may return unsold copies of the pamphlet until the close of the year.

—A manufacturing firm in Lowell, Mass., has secured the patent right of a noiseless shoe. A shoe that doesn't creak like a barn-door and waken up the whole family when a man goes home late at night, should be worth millions to its inventor.

—The *Poste Atmospherique* for the despatch of messages between Paris and Versailles, it is 13½ miles in length. Each tube is 13 feet long, 2½ inches in diameter and 2-5 of an inch thick. They are laid 8 feet underground, on a flooring of wood, and are pitched within and without.

—The New World is furnishing song-birds for the whole globe. There is Clara Louise Kellogg, Miss Cary, Adelaide Philips, little Albani, of New York, Miss Blanche Tucker, of Chicago, and Miss Emma Abbott, of Wisconsin, besides an army of others now studying in Italy.

—The German navy, humiliating to relate, has to depend on England for coal to run its ironclads, and the fact has hitherto postponed indefinitely the possible battle of Dorking. Kaiser Wilhelm has, however, started some experiments at Wilhelmshafen to see if Westphalian coal will not answer.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* calculates that, letting 1,000 represent a woman's chances of marriage in the whole course of her life, 138 of those chances are lost when she is seventeen years old, 588 when she is twenty-one, 915 when she is twenty-seven, 932 when she is thirty-three, and the entire thousand when she is forty-five.

—The gold in the vaults of the Banks of France at the present moment exceeds 561 tons in weight; in other words, it weighs about as much as 23 locomotive engines of the first size. What were the treasures of Solomon or Crœsus to this? To trace the process by which this immense mass has, as it were, gravitated to Paris, would be no easy task; £163,000 weighs over a ton; £76,000,000 would, therefore, weigh 466 tons.

—The next French Exposition, in 1878 will occupy nearly the same locality as the one in 1867, but will be fully one-half larger. It is intended to occupy ground on both sides of the Seine, and to have a gallery built over the river, a mile in length, and one hundred and sixty feet wide, with shops on either side of a central passage. This gallery will connect the buildings on the Champs de Mars with those on the Trocadero, or Place du Roi de Rome.

ANSWER THEIR QUESTIONS.—Those parents run the risk of losing their children who put aside their trivial questions as of no consequence. An interrogation point symbolizes the life of childhood. "Why?" and "What?" are the keys with which it unlocks the treasury of the world. The boy's numberless questions often seem trivial, but the wise parent will never turn them off unanswered, if he can help it. It is his rich opportunity of teaching. He is met halfway, and there is the difference between impressing the truth on an eager mind and an uninterested one. The little fellow, helping you at your work, and plying you with endless questions, may learn as much in half an hour there as in a week when his body is a prisoner in a schoolroom, and his thoughts are out of doors.

Appetite a Necessity.

Appetite is a necessity. Without it, sufficient food is not received into the stomach either to nourish the system or to give the stimulus to the bowels which they require. Both these organs and the liver become torpid in consequence, and the blood grows poor in quality and quantity. Improve the appetite, therefore, and avoid such results. This is most effectually done with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a tonic appetizer and alterative without a peer. It gives not only an unwonted zest for food, but enables the stomach to digest and the system to assimilate it. Flatulence, heartburn, nausea, and every other concomitant of indigestion, are removed by it, as are also biliousness and constipation. Each nerve and fibre of the body is made to tingle with health by its use, and it is the leading remedy for despondency.

The AMERICAN HOUSE, Boston, has been long and favorably known as one of the best hotels in the East. Its central location, only a few rods from new Washington Street, and within two minutes walk of State Street, Faneuil Hall, the old State House, and City Hall, makes it equally desirable for business or pleasure. It was the first Hotel in Boston to introduce the greatest of modern conveniences, a Passenger Elevator, and the proprietors have ever been ready to adopt any improvements that might add to the comfort of their guests. The latest change, and one that will be appreciated by all, is the reduction in prices, which are now placed at $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00 per day. The large number of its apartments, its long and spacious corridors, general convenience of arrangement, liberality of management and uniform excellence of its table, have given it a wide spread reputation, and enable its managers to offer inducements to be found at but few other New England Hotels.

FOR DEBILITY.

Arising from over-exertion, sickness, or from any cause whatever. SCHENCK'S SEAWEED TONIC is a valuable remedy, containing the nourishing and life-supporting properties of many natural productions; its strengthening properties are truly wonderful. A single bottle will demonstrate its value.

Prepared by Dr. S. H. Schenck & Son, Philadelphia, Pa.

For sale by all druggists.

E. F. KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE of IRON

It has never been known to fail in the cure of weakness attended with symptoms; indisposition to exertion, loss of memory, difficulty of breathing, weakness, horror of disease, night sweats, cold feet, weakness, dimness of vision, languor, universal lassitude of the muscular system, enormous appetite, with dyspeptic symptoms, hot hands, flushing of the body, dryness of the skin, pallid countenance and eruptions on the face, purifying the blood, pain in the back, heaviness of the eyelids, frequent black spots flying before the eyes, with suffusion and loss of sight, want of attention, etc. Sold only in $1 bottles. Get the genuine. Depot and office, 259 North Ninth St., Philadelphia. Advice free. Ask for E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron, and take no other make. Genuine sold only in $1 bottles.

Nervous Debility! Nervous Debility!

Debility, a depressed irritable state of mind, a weak, nervous exhausted feeling, no energy or animation, confused head, weak memory, the consequences of excesses, mental overwork. This nervous debility finds a sovereign cure in E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron. It tones the system, dispels the mental gloom and despondency and rejuvenates the entire system. Sold only in $1 bottles. Get the genuine. Office, 259 North Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all druggists. Ask for E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron, and take no other. Genuine sold only in $1 bottles.

Tape Worm

Removed alive with head complete, in from two to three hours. No fee till removed, by Dr. Kunkel, 259 North Ninth St., Philadelphia. Seat, Pin and Stomach Worms also removed. Call and see; advice free. Send for circular. Ask your druggist for Kunkel's Worm Syrup. Price $1. It never fails.

Agents wanted for a new, permanent, and respectable business [illegible] $5 TO $10 A DAY SURE. [illegible] A. CLEGG, [illegible] "We know C. A. Clegg to be responsible and reliable, and think he offers Agents extraordinary inducements."—N. Y. Weekly Sun, April 19, 1876.

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Rifles Single or Repeating of Best Makes at all prices, from $3 to $60.
Shot Guns Double and Single Muzzle and Breech Loading, $3 to $250.
Revolvers 5, 6 or 7 Shooters for ball and cap, or metal cartridges, $1.50 to $25.
Call and see or write for illustrated price list.
GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS,
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THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD

This justly celebrated DIETETIC Preparation is, in composition, principally the GLUTEN derived from the White Winter Flint Wheat Cereal, a solid extract, the invention of an eminent chemist.

It has not only been highly recommended, but certified to by a large number of CHEMISTS and PHYSICIANS—representing a very high degree of medical science—as the SAFEST, MOST ACCEPTABLE AND RELIABLE FOOD for the growth of Infants and Children, and for Mothers lacking sufficient nourishment for their offspring.

Unlike those preparations made from animal or vinous matter, which are liable to stimulate the brain and irritate the digestive organs, it embraces in its elementary composition—

THAT WHICH MAKES STRONG BONE AND MUSCLE.
THAT WHICH MAKES GOOD FLESH AND BLOOD.
THAT WHICH IS EASY OF DIGESTION—NEVER CONSTIPATING.
THAT WHICH IS KIND AND FRIENDLY TO THE BRAIN.
AND THAT WHICH ACTS AS A PREVENTIVE TO THOSE INTESTINAL DISORDERS INCIDENTAL TO CHILDHOOD.

And while it would be difficult to conceive of anything in Food or Dessert more creamy and delicious, or more nourishing and strengthening as an aliment in

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DYSPEPSIA, PROSTRATIONS OF THE SYSTEM,
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See circulars for testimonials. Sold by Druggists generally, and at the wholesale depot by

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Sarsaparillian Resolvent,
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.
ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Sprains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

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NO MONEY We will start you in a business you can make $50 a week, without capital; easy and respectable for either sex. AGENTS' SUPPLY Co., 261 Bowery, N. Y.

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36 DEY ST. NEW YORK.
PAMPHLET GRATIS.

THE CENTRAL PARK TEST.

NEW YORK, May 25th, 1876.

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34 Dey Street, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:
100 of your Wakefield Closets have been in use four years in Central Park. They have given entire satisfaction. We have ceased using the Water Closets, which were contaminating the water of our lakes. Respectfully,
JULIUS MUNCKWITZ, Supt. D. P. P.

GRAND EXPOSITION HOTEL,
PHILADELPHIA, May 15, 1876.

GENTLEMEN: The fifty
CABINET CLOSETS
that you sent us give general satisfaction to our guests. We will send you an order shortly for as many more.
M. RILEY, Manager.

For further Testimonials and Descriptive Circulars send to

WAKEFIELD EARTH CLOSET CO.,
34 Dey Street, N. Y.
Or Agency, 900 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

MEZZORGRAPH.
A NEW AND BEAUTIFUL ART.
THE QUEEN CITY MEZZORGRAPH CO., No. 155 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, O.
Are now offering to the readers of this paper a new and beautiful Picture, entitled
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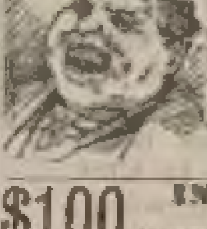

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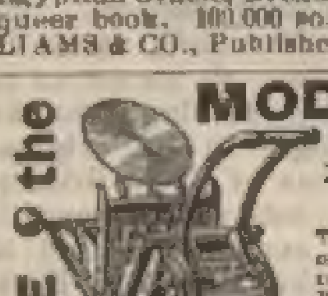

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FASHION NOTES.

It was in our last, we think, that we felt impelled by a sense of veracity to utter the doleful fact, "there is nothing new in the way of fashion." Now we are happy to say, there is—a new hat—a coquettish and stylish one too.

It is of rough braid, dark brown or black, and is shaped somewhat in the Tyrolean style, broad brim, which may be turned up on one side, with good effect, and a high, rather pointed crown. The trimming is simple, generally consisting of a netted scarf, twisted loosely about the crown, and sometimes a feather, or two well curled tips.

It is just the thing for traveling purposes, and is also useful for morning visits to the Centennial Exhibition.

In suits according with the present season, nothing is more popular now than the combined costume of plaid and plain dark blue percaline.

A very pretty way of making such suits, is to have the underskirt of plain goods, with a pleated flounce of the plaid variety, headed by a puff and upright ruffle, or else two bias folds.

The overskirt is of the plaid, and is deep and of a fullness sufficient to form graceful drapery at the back. Sleeves are of the plain stuff, with tiny ruffles near the wrist, of plaid, or else a deep cuff of plaid. The basque waist is of the plaid. A gathered pocket is put on low down on the right side. Such a costume as this, with one of the rough hats described above, is most suitable for morning wear, excursions, etc.

Quite a fancy for Lawns has revived. One sees

LINEN LAWNS, ORGANDIES, ETC.,

worn on the most dressy occasions. Black being so stylish a dress for outdoor wear, has given rise to the fashion of black lawns and organdies: sometimes having gay borders, or else self-trimmed. We saw a really charming toilette made as follows:

A fine black Lawn had two flounces on the lower skirt; one gathered, the other knife-pleated. The upper was headed by a knife-pleated frill, three inches wide, edged on each side by a narrow imitation Valenciennes lace, not more than a quarter of an inch wide.

On the overskirt, this knife-pleated frill was repeated, and a pocket with a trimming of the same tip and bottom, and placed on the left side.

The waist was somewhat peculiar, being laid in small pleats, turning away from the centre, back and front. It was basque shape, having deep fronts and a short back. A standing ruffle at the neck, laid in knife-pleats, was continued down the fronts and also around the bottom.

The hat to accompany this suit was black chip, encircled by a netted scarf of silk, black and white mixed, and having fringe upon the ends.

A morning dress of pale blue cambric was trimmed with finely pleated ruffles of Bishop's lawn. The ruffle being brought down the front and around the bottom.

Pockets of Bishop's lawn were set on both right and left of the front of the dress, and a sash of the lawn edged with two ruffles of cambric was worn about the waist.

Of course any colored cambric would answer—pink, blue or buff, to suit the complexion of the wearer.

A SILK SUIT

was shown to us among the latest novelties, which had no overskirt. It was made with a box-plaited back of skirt, in demi-train. The front had a succession of pleated frills, alternating with bias folds, laid on diagonally across, from left to right. Down each side were wide knife-pleatings laid on perpendicularly, that is the pieces were, the knife-pleating fringing laid horizontally.

A pointed pocket laid in graduated pleats, was placed on the right side, low down.

A wide sash composed of a width of the silk, two yards and a half long, was set on four inches below the waist, and laid in pleats, six in number; it was then tied at the back, looping, and holding in place a point, as the French modistes say of the back widths.

The model shown to us was in dark, plum-colored silk, but it could be made equally well in any color.

The great fancy for light-colored chip-hats, has somewhat worn itself out, so many having adopted it. The most stylish looking hats we have lately seen, being of dark brown or even a black chip with trimmings of a light color. Tips of ostrich feathers, closely curled, are still very popular for trimming, sharing favor with longer plumes, and pompons of mingled fancy feathers and ostrich tips. Two heron feathers, for instance, have a plumy, soft tuft, from which they spring.

In trimming silks, "*Gros de Suez*," has a marked popularity, and being soft, not easily crushed or affected by weather, and is shown in all the delicate tints.

Thick brown silk grenadine of a stronger mesh than the usual material worn for veiling, is used for trimming traveling hats, or those worn for morning and demi-toilette generally.

The fancy for "Bangles," in the way of bracelets is by no means extinct. There are many pretty and also new designs in such articles shown; especially in the shell and silver-plated ware.

Light-cream tinted parasols, or else black ones trimmed with cream colored lace, are among the summer styles.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Ecru—tinted muslin ties, with embroidered ends are worn.

Black velvet under-skirts are worn with grenadine and organdy over-dresses. A questionable taste however.

Dark-green tissue veils are considered best for the eyes.

The open oval Japanese fan is now pendant from the chatelaine, as often as the closed one.

Metallic necklaces are among the novelties enjoyed by those who possess deep enough pockets to purchase such.

Thanks are due Messrs. Homer and Colladay for information received.

OUR WORK TABLE.

A very pretty fancy has been originated by some artistic fair ones, of making dessert mats, etc., of thick white linen, or else fine Java Canvas, and fringing the edges, a design is etched in the centre with indelible ink.

These have become so very popular, and are so easily made, even by those who have no natural artistic talent that we have thought well to instruct the initiated in preparing them.

For a sett therefore of

DESSERT MATS,

numbering twelve, we will give instructions of a practical nature.

The materials required are a yard of coarse white linen, a bottle of indelible ink, and a glass pen, or else two best quill pens of different sizes of point.

We will presume that those who require such practical hints as we shall give, are not gifted with a talent for sketching. To such we address our hints.

First prepare your mats.

Let the linen mat be about six inches square, having a fringe all around, of about an inch and a half deep. Secure your fringe from ravelling by a careful over casting.

Now choose your designs. In any drawing book, or else, at the heading of chapters of many nicely gotten up works, are graceful designs, of birds, leaves, small scrolls and flowers. These are nice for a beginner to copy.

Place over such as suit from fancy, tissue paper, trace the outline with a lead pencil.

Next attach the paper to the mat, pinning both smoothly down upon a board. Trace over the pencilled outline on the paper with your glass or quill pen, and indelible ink, the pattern, bearing down hard enough to pierce through the paper, and so reach the cloth.

Remove the paper carefully, and if any lines appear imperfect and broken, give such touches as are needed to complete them.

A little practice and a *few failures*, being needed to accomplish satisfactorily this last.

Then with a hot, but not a scorching iron, press the mat, and the design will appear, black and well-defined.

The result will be very pleasing and as such work is now very popular, we trust our readers will appreciate these suggestions. The mats may be washed, and other articles, such as toilet-setts, tidies, etc., can be made in a similar manner.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

NATALIE.—Sorry to hear of the accident to your best black silk. It is by no means irreparable however. Remove the grease from the front breadth by ripping it apart from the rest of the skirt, and covering it thickly on both sides with finely scraped French chalk.

Let this remain a day or two. Then rub off, and take a sheet of porous blotting paper; put over the grease spot and apply a very hot and heavy iron. The grease will appear on the paper—remove it and substitute another sheet; and so on until it is all absorbed. If the heat of the iron seems to have taken the stiffness out of the silk sponge with ale or lager beer, in which a little gum arabic has been dissolved, and iron it dry, by placing upon a board. Do not smooth it again.

NETTIE B.—Make your peplum after suit described in commencement of this number.

LUCY.—Plait your hair at night in small braids, first dampening, if you don't like curling irons.

NINON.

WHAT DOES IT MATTER TO ME!

BY F. BURGISS.

Oh! what does it matter to me,
If Harry ne'er comes this way?
I told him the last time we parted,
He then had my final "nay."
I'm sorry I spoke so determin'd,
Perhaps he'll so courting Kate Lee;
He told me he thought her grand looking,
But what does it matter to me?

I know she has plenty of silver,
And acres of land not a few;
And now-a-day that's an attraction,
When a pretty face goes with it too.
Yet I don't think he'd marry for money,
Least of all would be like Kate Lee;
He has not been here for a fortnight,
But what does that matter to me?

A footstep I hear now approaching,
Ah! yes, 'tis his dear well-known tread,
And I think that it is time I'll just tell him
I did not quite mean what I said;
For oft have mine eyes been overflowing,
When I thought of his loving Kate Lee,
And I'm sure should such a thing happen,
T'will matter a great deal to me!

CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

Connecticut State Building.

Connecticut State Building is situated on State avenue, and at no great distance from the British Buildings. It is built after the design made by "Ike Marvel," the noted author, and is about forty feet square. A strong wooden porch, built in the old fashion of a hundred years ago, over a very odd door, which is divided horizontally in the centre, instead of longitudinally. Over this porch are the State arms, and the motto: *Qui Transtulit, Sustinet*. The wood used within and without is Connecticut pine, which is stained to give the dark look of age. There are three rooms—reception room, Commissioners' room, and ladies' parlor. These two latter are small, but very complete and attractive. The ladies' parlor has couches and easy chairs for the weary guest, and is a model of New England neatness. In the Commissioners' room is a large, odd pine mantel piece of carved wood, over which hangs a fine portrait of Israel Putnam, painted by Thompson, of Hartford, Conn. Just below this portrait hangs the stout old hero's musket—the "Queen's arm," with which he was wont to speak forcibly to his enemies. The fire-place, with its great brass andirons and fender, its tiles of painted China representing Connecticut wild-flowers and scenes in Putnam's life, presents a very attractive picture. On the right of it, stands a small flax wheel, dark and glossy with time. Farther on, is an antiquated side-board of veneered wood, with spindle legs, claw feet, and rings of brass, instead of knobs, to open the doors and drawers. A set of old silver, made after the Elder Brewster pattern, is upon the top of it. On the left of the mantel-piece hangs a *wooden hand*, from charter oak; and the most curious fact of this latter is that the part of the tree from which it was taken grew naturally into this shape—but very little cutting and trimming being needed to make it complete. The skin, the fat, the lean, and even the bone, are so well delineated as to make one wonder if there was not a species of prophetic foreshadowing in this as to one branch of the noted industries of this thrifty State. There is also a frame made by sawing off a section of a limb from charter oak, and an engraving of the oak itself framed therein. This hangs over the mantel-piece. A chess table is made from the same historical tree, and an engraved outline of the tree adorns the top, which lifts up, revealing the chess board beneath. On the left stands a tall clock, made of apple-wood and having all its works of wood. Over the door leading into the ladies' parlor hangs, in its original frame, the royal arms of Great Britain, sent over by His Majesty when Connecticut was a colony, and which used to hang over the Speaker's chair at Hartford. It was painted in 1724.

In the reception room there is an interesting piece of furniture—an old settee from the Talcott Mansion, Hartford, made in 1769. The carving is very good.

There are one or two specimens of modern work of Connecticut in the rooms, such as an organ, from Hartford, and one or two remarkably complete sofa-beds.

ON THE BEACH.

BY OLIVE BELL.

"Who's that?"—exclaimed Ralph Barton, hastily removing a cigar from his lips, as a young girl, with a tender, rosy face, a pair of violet eyes, and long curls of shining amber, rode slowly along the beach, and bowed, half shyly, to his friend, Clement Regis.

"That—" Clement's fine face flushed a little, and his brown eyes followed the blue-robed figure on the white pony yearningly—"is Clara Remington, one of the sweetest women living."

"What?" Ralph Barton's lazy black eyes flew wide open; "old John Remington's daughter?"

"John Remington's daughter," replied Clement, dropping the "old," and speaking a little stiffly.

"On her visiting list?"

Clement nodded.

"Introduce me?"

Clement did not reply immediately. His brown eyes wandered off to the sea, where numerous white-sailed yatchts were drifting. Ralph beat an impatient tat-too on the boulder on which he was seated, and watched the dreamy face of his friend with a knowing look in his keen eyes. He laughed softly, and Clement, blushing like a girl, looked up quickly.

"What's the fun, Barton?" he said, attempting to look indifferent.

"O, nothing," replied Barton, carelessly, a cynical smile curling his mustached lip. "I was just thinking what fools we men are sometimes. Look at Jack Winters—as sensible a fellow as ever lived—parading up and down among the rocks yonder, with the sun beating down on his innocent head, picking up dainty bits of seaweed, and filling his hat with shells to carry up to that pink and white inanity, Miss Costar."

"Miss Costar is a noble girl, Ralph. When her father failed, she bought a sewing machine with the money her jewelry brought her, and went to work and supported her aged parents. Jack will win a jewel if he wins her."

"Humph! He wouldn't want her if her rich old uncle hadn't turned up, and lifted her out of the slough of poverty."

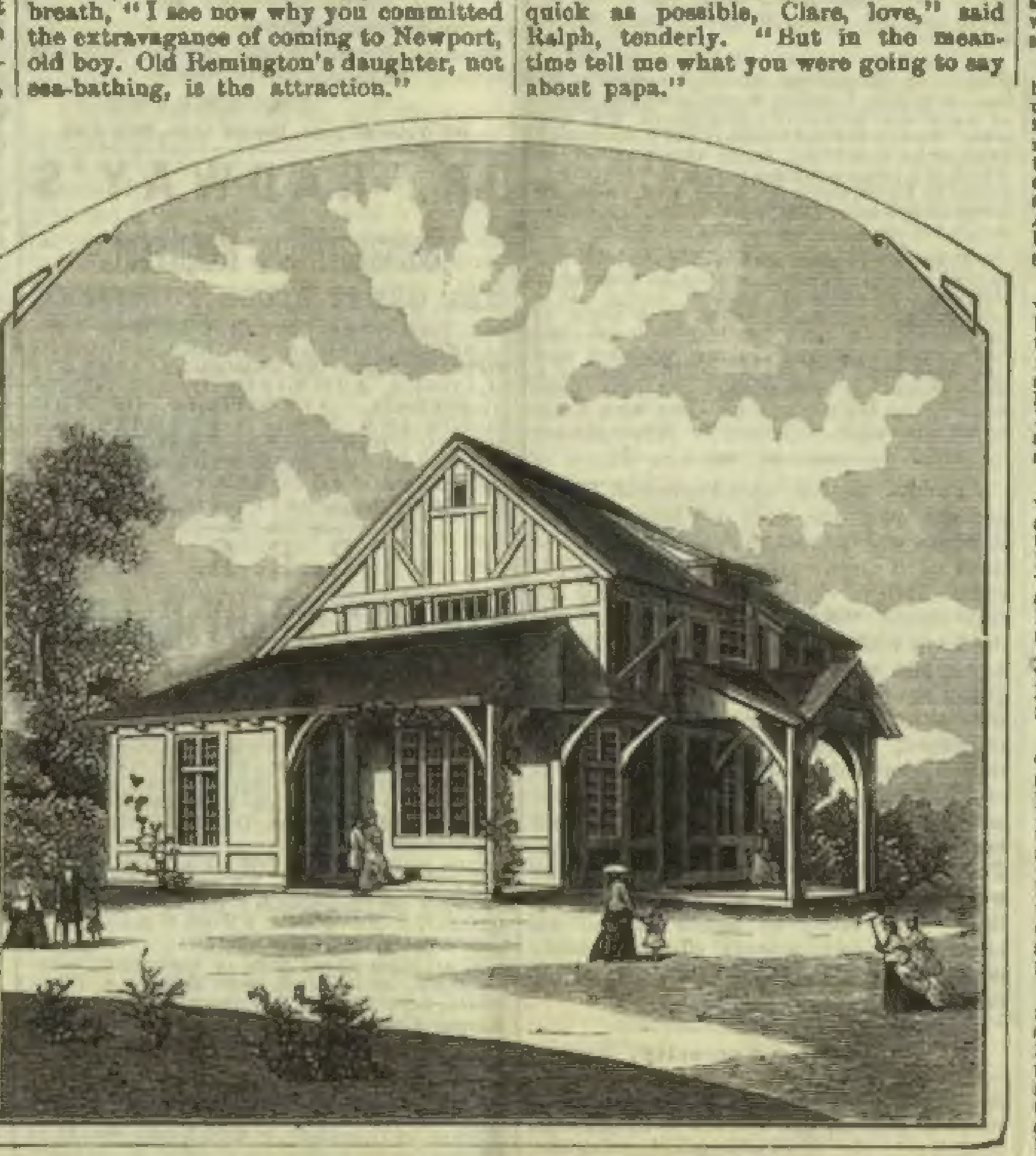
"Nonsense, Ralph. Jack loves Helen Costar for herself, not for her money," replied Regis, indignantly. "Don't you believe in the tender passion at all, Barton?"

"Not as I see it illustrated now-a-days. It's every man for himself, and every woman ditto, now, old boy, and the less you say about love the better; for, believe me, Clement, it's a scarce commodity in the fashionable world. Going to Mrs. Train's party, this evening?"

Clement nodded in the affirmative, and Ralph, seeing the white pony in the distance, considerately walked off in the direction of his hotel, and had the satisfaction of seeing Miss Remington walk up the drive, a half an hour later, beside Clement, while "Selim" trotted behind her like a pet dog.

"What a beauty!" was the universal comment, as Clare tripped up the hotel steps, her blue habit trailing behind her, and her dimpled cheeks rosy with health and exercise. The feathery amber curls floated about her face; the violet eyes shone with some inward excitement, and Ralph Barton's bold black eyes glittered wickedly as he saw the fair face flush at some trivial remark of Clement's.

"Ah, ha!" he muttered, under his breath, "I see now why you committed the extravagance of coming to Newport, old boy. Old Remington's daughter, not sea-bathing, is the attraction."



CONNECTICUT STATE BUILDING.

Clement and Clare, sublimely ignorant of the notice they were attracting, seated themselves in a shady corner of the verandah to talk as only two young persons whose thoughts, tastes and principles are comparatively the same can talk; and if any sooth sayer had predicted to Clare Remington that in less than a week she would turn her back on the man she had known and loved from childhood, she would have treated the prophecy with contempt. For no one knew better than Clare that, although Clement was only her father's clerk, on a salary of two thousand per year, how truly rich he was in every noble and honest quality that makes a man an honor and delight to all who love him. Clare loved him in a shy, undemonstrative way, that made her doubly dear in Clement's eyes as month after month went by, and he longed, yet dreaded to ask her to share the humble yet comfortable home he could offer her.

Ralph Barton was that worst of all associates for either man or woman—a poor rich man—a man who had one day been living in affluence, and had squandered the last dollar of his fortune, and was now supporting himself elegantly—nobody knew how. His last and only chance was to marry a fortune; and when he set his eyes on Clare Remington's innocent face, he coveted the "dot" she would bring him, and immediately laid his plans for winning her by fair means or foul. Forbidden fruit is always sweet; and the knowledge that Clare was the object of another's affections only increased Ralph's eagerness for an introduction. He had long been on terms of intimacy with Clement, yet until the present moment never dreamed that Clement's indifference to the fair sex was owing to his love for John Remington's daughter, whom, by some freak of fortune, Ralph had never seen.

Three days after the above conversation, Clement Regis was surprised to meet Clare Remington and Ralph Barton strolling along the beach, apparently on the most intimate terms. Clare was laughing and chatting merrily with Ralph, and a shadow crossed Clement's genial face as he noticed how carelessly Clare greeted him.

"Regis is in the blues to-day," remarked Barton, after Regis had passed on. Clare looked after him wonderingly.

"What's the matter with him?" she said, innocently. "I never saw him so gloomy before."

"Miss Allison disappointed him to-day. She was to have been down on the 1:20 train, but did not come."

"Pattie Allison?" echoed Clare; "why she's his cousin."

Ralph laughed, in a low sneering laugh, that grated harshly on Miss Remington's nerves.

"Cousins often take an unfortunate fancy to each other. Clement owns to quite a lover-like fondness for his."

Clare Remington's violet eyes flashed angrily; for although a pretty woman, she had a temper of her own, and her cheeks flushed painfully when she thought of the blind faith she had placed in Clement.

"After refusing half a dozen good offers, too, all for love of him!" she thought, bitterly.

It is wonderful what a transformation jealous feelings can work in some natures. The guileless girl, who, but a few weeks ago, was as humble and almost as innocent as the angels, under the influence of Ralph Barton's subtle friendship, became a haughty, self-willed woman, who defied criticism and ignored advice. She seldom noticed Clement, who grew pale and anxious totally at a loss to account for her coldness.

"Barton has belied me in some way," he sighed, one morning, after an ineffectual attempt to talk to Clare. And report soon verified his fears, for it was rumored that Clare was soon to marry handsome Ralph Barton. But, for once, report was not correct, for Ralph had not proposed to Miss Remington. One sultry August evening, when the sky was like a cloud of amber, and the sea blue and stirless, he proposed to row Clare along the shore. Clare entered the shell-like boat with shining eyes, for Clement Regis and his pale-faced cousin stood on the beach. Clare gave her curls a defiant toss as she seated herself in the stern of the boat. Pattie Allison might have her truant lover in welcome; *she* would not regret his loss as long as the beautiful black eyes opposite looked love into hers, thought poor silly Clare, as they sailed away over the blue waters. So Ralph proposed, and Clare, blushing hotly, cried:

"O, I am so sorry. I really do not know what to say, for papa—"

Ralph's attention was suddenly drawn to a cloud in the west by hearing shouts on the beach.

"We must make for the shore as quick as possible, Clare, love," said Ralph, tenderly. "But in the meantime tell me what you were going to say about papa."

"O, hurry, hurry!" almost screamed Clare, as the wind, rising suddenly, lashed the waves into white foam, "for papa has failed, and mamma—"

At that moment the squall struck the boat, and the frail shell capsized, and the remainder of Clare's answer was lost, as she went into the water, clinging wildly to the side of the boat.

"Save me!" she shrieked; but Ralph, like a valiant knight, struck out for the shore, where all was hurry, and noise and confusion; for several parties were out on the ocean. Clare screamed once or twice, then closed her eyes, for she felt she could not hold to the boat a moment longer.

"O, Clement!" she wailed, and as if in answer to her call, a pair of strong hands rescued her from a watery grave, and she fainted in Clement's arms. He held her close to his breast, as the men who manned the boat rowed them to land. A few moments after she lay on the beach, with Pattie Allison bending over her, and Clement chafing her hands. She opened her eyes presently, and Pattie left them to finish her stroll on the beach, for the wind had spent its fury, and the sea was only ruffled by harmless white-capped waves.

"Clement," murmured Clare, with a sigh of intense relief, "he left me out there to die, and *you* saved my life."

"The dastard!" growled Clement, "if I ever get the chance I'll pay him for this."

"And—and," sobbed Clare, growing hysterical, "he told me you were engaged to Pattie Allison."

Clement's look of consternation was so real that Clare laughed outright, and nestled her curly amber head closer to his bosom.

"And you believed it! O, Clare, when I loved no woman in the world but you!"

"How did I know, when you never told me that," pouted Clare, holding up a pair of rosy lips for Clement's kisses.

And Clare is wont to assert she would be willing to be half drowned over again, if, by so doing, she might live over those blissful moments on the beach.

Ralph Barton suddenly left Newport for the city, where he heard, to his chagrin, that the reported failure of John Remington was a falsehood.

"Hang it!" said this believer in the every-man-for-himself doctrine, "if I had brought her out of the water handsomely I might have married her yet."

But Clare had learned a lesson she was not likely to forget; and all the fortune hunters in the world could not shake her faith in Clement Regis.

ADVANTAGE OF LEARNING A TRADE.—The advice of Benjamin Franklin, to give every child a trade by which he can earn a living, if necessary, comes of an experience older than his. In some countries this has been the law; in others, a common custom. St. Paul, though educated in the law at the feet of Gamaliel, also acquired the important Oriental handicraft of a tent-maker, by which he was able to earn his living while prosecuting his mission. It is a good and wise thing to do. You may be able to give your children fortunes; but "riches take to themselves wings." You may give them finished educations, and they may be gifted with genius; but they may be placed in situations where no education and no talent may be so available as some honest trade, by which they can get their living and be useful to others.

PERSONALITIES.

MR. SPURGEON, who has been ill for some time, has recovered sufficiently to return to his pulpit.

THE English Revisers of the Old Testament have proceeded as far as the 10th verse of the 1st chapter of Ezekiel.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, son of the late Emperor of France, called recently upon the Czar at Ems, by whom he was cordially received.

UPON June 16 Pius IX. completes the 30th year of his pontificate, having been raised to the Papal throne June 16, 1846. He is now in the 85 year of his age.

STANLEY, the N. Y. *Herald's* African explorer, has not been heard of since April, 1875; and the only person who sorely misses him is the *Herald* compositor who sets up the display news heads.

MRS LINCOLN, widow of President Lincoln, was yesterday decided by a jury in the County Court of Chicago as of sound mind and capable of controlling her estate. The result was reached on application of Mr. Edwards, her brother, with the concurrence of her son Robert.

THE royal dust of Louis Philippe, Queen Amelia, the Duchess of Orleans, Duchess of Aumale, and the Prince of Conde have been removed from England to France, receiving reinterment in the Chapel at Dreux, which was especially erected by Louis Philippe, as a family burial-place.

ONE of the Indian Princes who came to Calcutta to meet the Prince of Wales died the other day from hard drink. This was the young Maharajah of Puttiala. When he was 10 years old he succeeded to an income of $2,-600,000 a year, and he died at the age of 24, worn out by dissipation. His two great passions were buying jewels and getting drunk.

IN spite of his Amazons the King of Dahomey has made up his mind to pay the fine imposed upon him for maltreating a British subject, instead of waiting for the British army and navy to collect it. Whether his women will turn upon and rend him for this weak compliance with the will of the white man, as the softas of Turkey did upon the Sultan Abdul Aziz remains to be seen. But Mr. Disraeli has had a stroke of luck all the same in this sudden change of the royal African heart.

THE young Crown Prince of Sweden, on his way to this country, represents a people who have made wonderful progress in material things. Sweden and Norway are republics, in fact, and having been at peace since the accession of John Bernadotte, have advanced greatly in science, the arts and agriculture. Charles XII. would be astonished to find that the agents of modern civilization have regenerated the brave old land of Odin.

WHEN our principal tar, Admiral Porter, was presented to the Emperor of Brazil, he said to his Majesty: "I had the honor of attending your wedding before you did." The Emperor enjoyed the joke, and was well pleased with this one, which, paradoxical as it may sound, was literally true. Donna Theresa, the Empress, is a Neapolitan princess, and was married to Dom Pedro by proxy in Naples. Admiral Porter, then a young officer, was with the United States fleet in the Bay of Naples at the time, and was present at the marriage.

THE new Sultan of Turkey is only 30 years of age, and although he has not a reputation of great talents, he has had a better education than any previous Sultan of this dynasty. He knows the French language, and has the name of being an amiable man. He has had a freedom of intercourse with foreigners which no previous heir to the throne has had. He is reputed to have a wife of extreme beauty, and to take much interest in the training of his three children. So far as we know his social attributes are in his favor, and it is quite possible that he may abolish the seraglio.

IT is said of the new Sultan, that he was married a few days ago to a beautiful Circassian slave, who was purchased for the sum of 12,000 pounds. She was taken to Constantinople at a very early age, and was taught all the accomplishments that could be acquired in that metropolis. When she arrived at a marriageable age she was reckoned to be the most beautiful and elegant lady in all the Turkish Empire. This lady has borne Mehemet Murad several children, and it is said that he has devoted much care and attention to their education. He is said to be a fanatic, but rather disposed to be liberal in his views.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

TO such perfection have mechanical means been brought in our day, that time is measured to a millionth of a second, and lines have been ruled on glass plates to the number of 224,000 in an inch, several degrees finer than the scale of light wave-lengths.

AN appreciable interval of time elapses between the application of a substance to the tongue and the perception of taste conveyed thereby. For common salt this time is 0.1598 second; for sugar, 0.1639 second; for acid, 0.1676 second; and for quinine, 0.2351 second.

AN eminent physician of a Western city, says he has cured ninety-nine out of every hundred cases of scarlet fever by giving the patient warm lemonade with gum arabic dissolved in it. A cloth wrung out in hot water and laid upon the stomach should be removed as rapidly as it becomes cool.

JAPANESE lacquer is said to be a substance extracted from a tree. It grows in the north of Japan, and the gum is prepared and sent to all parts of the country. It is a rank poison while soft. Many people cannot endure the smell, or pass a workshop without suffering. A great deal of skill is required in making the gum harden and set. When set, it is waterproof and perfectly harmless; it stands heat, and is tough and hard. Wood, metal, leather, paper, and fabrics take lacquer easily.

M. EMILE COLLINOT, the French manufacturer of earthenware, has lately discovered a new mode of decorating buildings. Instead of applying a decorated faience to the wall, he proposes enameling the stone itself, by putting up a light scaffolding and using a portable oven instead of the oven. The advantages of the scheme are cheapness and durability. Experiment has proved that the process is less expensive than separate plates, and the decoration is calculated to last as long as the stone itself.

AGRICULTURE IN THE UNITED STATES.—The great occupation in the United States is that of agriculture. There are 2,986,299 farmers, most of whom own the land they till; and the whole number of people employed in agricultural pursuits is 5,922,471, or 15.38 per cent of the whole population. In England and Wales the percentage is 7.30. In Russia 80 per cent of the population are engaged in agriculture; in Italy, 57; in Sweden, 71; in Belgium, 51; in France, 50; in Prussia, 45; in Austria 25; in Spain, 25; and in Holland, 16 per cent.

IT is claimed that the steam hammer lately erected at Woolwich, England, is the largest piece of machinery of its kind in all Europe. The weight of the falling portion is nearly forty tons, and its force of impact is greatly augmented by the use of steam to drive it down from the top, the augmentation being estimated to equal the force represented by allowing the hammer to fall, of its own weight, from a height of eighty feet. It has been allowed a striking fall of fifteen feet three inches. The hammer is 46 feet high, and covers, with its supports, a base of about 1,000 square feet. Its weight is about 500 tons above the ground, and the iron used in the foundation below weighs 665 tons.

TREES assist very much in purifying the air, and therefore the planting of them in cities should be very much encouraged. The way in which trees purify the air is just simply this: They take by means of their leaves the gas known as carbonic acid gas and separate the carbon and oxygen, of which the gas is composed, retaining the carbon to assist in building up their woody structure, and throwing the oxygen to be breathed by animals and to contribute its part toward the purification of the blood, which is the life both of man and beast. Of course vegetation of all kinds assists in this work of purifying the air, but trees are the only sort possible, to any great extent, in our cities, and hence their superior claims upon our attention in this connection.

AMERICAN invention follows close upon that of the Old World in methods for utilizing the hitherto waste and useless leaves, or needles, of the pine tree. The plan in question consists in dissolving and removing by boiling the resinous leaves in suitable chemicals, the result being a substance resembling cotton, or perhaps more nearly wool, of a dark or reddish-brown color. It is prepared in two qualities or descriptions, adapted for stuffing mattresses, pillows, etc., and for weaving. For the latter purpose, the fibre of the material are separated and treated in machines similar to fulling mills. Other processes follow, which result in the production of what is pronounced an excellent kind of thread, which can be woven alone, or mixed with wool, cotton, silk, or other fibres. Cloth of very close and fine texture is thus produced, being soft and pliable, and resembling a fair quality of flannel. The material is by this mode of treatment rendered available, both for textile and paper fabrics.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—How Luck Came to Breasly. The Clergyman's Love. The Stepmother. "Life is Onward." Will Stanton's choice.

DORARD.—We are sorry we cannot give you any history of the college to which you refer.

C. F. D.—The address of E. Steiger, the publisher of "Kindergarten Occupations," is 22 and 24 Frankfort street, New York. (3), The other two books you refer to, you can order through any bookseller or publishing house, who can tell you what they will cost.

EDITORIAL "WE"—G. H. F., asks: "Why does an editor or author style himself "we?" This question may be answered by asking another: Why do you style a friend "you?" There is as much plurality in the one as the other. Custom justifies the grammar.

MOTHS.—A SUFFERER.—To exterminate moths, camphor and tobacco are both good, but they will not stop their ravages in carpets after they have once commenced eating. Then they pay no attention whatever to camphor, cedar or tobacco. A good way then to kill them is to take a coarse crash towel and wring it out in clean water. Spread it smoothly on the carpet, then iron it dry with a good hot iron, repeating the operation on suspected places, and those least used. It does not injure the color or pile of the carpet in the least, as it is not necessary to press hard, heat and steam being the agents, and they do the work effectually both on worms and eggs.

RAILROAD SPEED.—A. J. W.—The highest authentic instances of high railroad speed in England with which we are acquainted are the following, and you may rely upon the figures: Brunel once ran 13 miles in 10 minutes, equal to 78 miles an hour. On the Great Northern Line, a train of 16 carriages ran 15 miles in 12 minutes, equal to 75 miles an hour, some two years ago. The broad guage engines on the Great Western railroad have run with four and five carriages from Paddington to Didcot, in 47½ minutes, equal to 68 miles an hour. The express train on the Great Northern has frequently been timed and found to be running mile after mile at the rate of a mile in 52 seconds, or at 69¼ miles an hour.

THE OLD BELL.—R. WARNE.—The old State House bell was originally cast in England, in 1752, at a cost of one hundred pounds sterling, and was ordered to be of two thousand pounds weight. Before it was properly hung it was cracked by a stroke of the clapper to try the sound, and was recast in this country, the workman being compelled to remix the metal, as the original mixture was found too brittle. It was finished and hung in June, 1753. In 1777, at the time the Americans forces were compelled to evacuate Philadelphia, this bell, together with Christ Church chimes, was removed to Allentown, to prevent them being melted into cannon by the English. At the close of the war it was returned to Philadelphia.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—J. T. H.—The steamship "Great Eastern" was designed by I. K. Brunell, and built by Scott, Russell & Co., at Millwall, England. She was begun in 1854, and her launching lasted from November 3, 1857, to January 31, 1858. She has been twice over to this country, once in 1860 under Captain Vine Hall, and the second time in 1861. After this last trip, she was brought by a firm, Glass, Elliott & Co., and chartered to convey the Atlantic Cable, since which time she has been employed in the same kind of work all over the world. Her dimensions are as follows: 680 feet long, 83 wide, 58 deep, 28 feet draught, and 24,000 tons measurement, her engines being designed to develop 10,000 horse-power.

STEEL DIES.—INQUIRER.—The manner in which they make the steel dies for medals, such as we give with the POST for instance, is as follows: First a piece of steel is forged, softened and turned. The design is produced on its face in the deeper parts by means of small chisels; after which the minute details are executed by gravers and small tools of various kinds. As the work proceeds, proofs are taken in wax; when defective in form, the cutting is corrected; and if deficient in relief, it is cut deeper. The inscription is introduced by means of small letter punches. Then follows the hardening of the die, a very critical process, as any defect in the steel is here at once made apparent, and the labor of months may be rendered useless in a few minutes. When the die has withstood the proper tests, a hub is made from it; that is, a copy of the die in steel used for the correction of duplicate copies of the die.

WEST POINT.—CADET.—By provisions of law, each Congressional and territorial district and the District of Columbia is entitled to have one cadet at the Military academy, and no more. In addition to these, the appointment annually of a number not exceeding ten "at large," (not confined to a selection by Congressional districts), is authorized. The former appointments are made upon the nominations of the member of Congress or delegate representing the district or territory; and the selections "at large" and from the District of Columbia are made by the President. All appointments are required to be made one year in advance of the date of admission, which is about the 1st of July in each year. The qualifications required from candidates for nominations are as follows: They must be over seventeen and under twenty-two years of age, at least five feet high, free from any deformity or disease; must be able to read and write well, be thoroughly conversant with arithmetic up to vulgar and decimal fractions; also with the elements of English grammar, descriptive geography, and the history of our own country. The pay of a cadet is $41.60 a month and rations.

JEWISH SHEKEL.—INQUIRER.—The Jewish shekel was originally only a weight. The first form in which money was used by the Jews, and by other nations also, was that of pieces of metal without any marks or devices upon them. The precious metals, gold and silver, passed by weight, as when Abraham and Jeremiah purchased fields. The term "piece of silver," is also equivalent to a shekel. Its weight was half an ounce avoirdupois. It is to be noted that the shekel was not a coin during the entire period embraced in the Old Testament. It first appears as a coin about B. C. 140, and was issued by Simon Maccabeus. The Maccabees were rigid adherents to the old constitution, and there can be no doubt that the coin struck by them exactly corresponded, in weight and fineness, to the former standard. Many of these coins are now extant. There is one in the cabinet of the United States Mint, in a fine state of preservation. It weighs 217 grains, and is of the fineness of 950 thousandths. Other specimens of this coin, noticed by various authorities, make the weight and fineness about the same. Its intrinsic value is about fifty-eight cents.

ROYAL VISITORS.—YANKEE DOODLE.—"Some of us have been trying to find out how many royal visitors we have had in this country, and we concluded to ask you to give us a list of them, so far as you can ascertain?" The following is a list of, we believe, all the royal visitors we have had, as far back as 1782 which is quite far enough, we should think. In that year William IV, son of George III, came over as a midshipman, in a British line-of-battle ship, one of Admiral Digby's fleet sent out to conquer a rebellious colony. A little later, Queen Victoria's father the Duke of Kent passed through Boston on his way to join his regiment in Canada. In 1796, Louis Philippe landed in Philadelphia, and afterwards traveled extensively over the country, returning in 1800. In 1803 Jerome Bonaparte arrived in New York, went on to Baltimore, fell in love with and married Miss Patterson. Joseph Napoleon came over to America after the battle of Waterloo, and purchased an estate in New Jersey; but returned to France in 1830. Louis Napoleon, the late Emperor of the French, landed at Norfolk, in March, 1837, and returned in May following. The Prince de Joinville visited this country twice, once in 1842, and again in 1861, when with his nephews, the Count de Paris and Duc de Chartres, he served on Gen. McClellan's staff in the march upon Richmond, of the Army of the Potomac. In September, 1860, the Prince of Wales paid us a visit and was a guest of President Buchanan while in Washington. On July 21, 1870, Prince Arthur, third son of Queen Victoria arrived in New York. On November 19, 1871, the Grand Duke Alexis, son of the Czar of Russia, appeared in the flag ship. After him was Kalakaua, King of the Hawaiian Islands; and the last of the royal visitors is Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, who is at present traveling through the country.

MISCELLANEOUS.—J. E. W.—As you have his address, return his letter; if he cannot take that hint he must be a hippopotamus. H. M.—Bones contain carbonate of lime as well as phosphate of lime. E. B. C.—Your poetry is better than your spelling. Perhaps you are imitating the old poets who despised orthography. J. G. F.—The year 1800 is, of course, the last year in the century; But we do not care about re-opening that vexed question. E. T.—The meaning of the Latin phrase *Dum Vivimus Vivamus* is "Whilst we live let us live," or, enjoy ourselves. C. C. H.—Common sense will tell you what to do; if you do not follow it, you will get into a sea of troubles. J. A. H.—Quills are prepared by being placed in hot sand, till the outer skin can be peeled off, and the inner membrane curled up. H. G. W., [illegible].—We think the parties you refer to are reliable.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*